

THE QUEEN'S

The exhibition of sycophancy and fetich worship which has taken place in Great Britain this week is a spectacle for gods and men. It is a doleful commentary upon the advance of civilization and the diffusion of education that in almost the last decade of the nineteenth century the great body of the English people (it would be unfair to suppose that there are not many Englishmen to whom all this is utterly disgusting) should go into a spasm of adulation over a woman of whom the very best that can truthfully be said is that she has never flagrantly outraged any of the obvious proprieties of life.

Victoria Guelph is, as well as her personality can be got at, a greedy, grasping, narrow-minded, commonplace woman, who never did a useful thing in her life unless to serve the purpose of a legal fiction that might just as well have been served by a wax figure from Madame Tussaud's show. Yet a great people fawn to prostrate themselves before her, and to thank her with honors that fall little short of adoration for having permitted them so long to support her and her family; and rejoice over the fiftieth anniversary of her accession to the position of royal figurehead as though it marked some great national deliverance.

The crown in England has ceased to exert any real political power. It is now but a figurehead. But it is the figurehead of a social and political system which divides men into orders almost as distinctly marked as Hindoo castes, and crushes the vast mass into poverty and pauperism that a class of idlers may live luxuriously on wealth they do nothing to produce. The slavish adulation of a human being who, without ever having done a stroke of work in her whole life, has become, by virtue of taxes wrung from the hard hands of labor, the richest woman in the world, is in reality an apotheosis of the system which keeps the millions of England on the verge of starvation that a favored ten thousand may enjoy luxurious idleness. This abject prostration of a great nation before a human fetich does not show the survival of ancient superstition so much as the presence of an active living force, which is busy to-day inculcating the worship of power and wealth, from an instinctive perception that in this way that the many can be most easily held in subjection to the few. The English throne is the capstone of a social pyramid of many ranks, each of which is interested in abasing itself before those who are above, in order that it may in return enjoy the abasement of those who are below. And in abasing the public mind to look upon the useless incumbent of a throne as a gracious benefactor, and in confounding ideas of duty and patriotism with personal devotion to a family, no class is so active and so efficient as the professed ministers of Christ. If this heathenish adoration of a human creature prevails in Great Britain, it is not in despite of what is called Christianity, but because it is a vital part of what is taught to the people as Christianity. Christ, according to the religion that is taught in England for Christianity, is not the friend and deliverer of the poor, but the patron of the rich. He is a guardian of game preserves and mining royalties and city ground rents; a protector of the snugly respectable, who considers the honor paid to one's betters as honor paid to him. Almighty God, the people are virtually taught, has ordered this world that while a few roll in luxury the great mass of its people can only get a poor living by the hardest toil, and large numbers cannot even get that, but must live, if they live at all, on the crumbs that fall from rich men's tables; but He has considerably provided another world, in which things will be ordered more equally and to which such of the poor will be admitted as have in this life conducted themselves lowly and reverently toward their betters and not quarreled with the existing order.

In Windsor castle is a magnificent marble-lined chamber fitted up at vast expense as a memorial to Prince Albert. In the center, on a marble altar, reclines the effigy of Prince Albert clothed in mail. In the panels of the altar and around the walls of the chamber are sculptured scenes from the passion of Christ! It is typical of the degradation of Christianity. The very life and sufferings of him who came to preach the gospel of equality and fraternity have been wrested by the same powers that crucified him to the support of Caesar's tyranny and the justification of Dives' greed.

The official prayer recited before the queen by the \$75,000 per annum archbishop of Canterbury, in which the Almighty is blasphemously praised for having "set the crown upon her head," and thanked for "the abundance of dominion wherewith Thou hast exalted and enlarged her empire," is the keynote of the prayers and sermons that have been delivered by ministers of all denominations. Even the pope, utterly ignoring the sufferings of his Irish co-religionists in this "Victorian era"—something that he especially might have been moved to remember, since out of their poverty the faithful Irish have sent him thousands and thousands of pounds in Peter's pence—hastened to

join in laying the homage of religion at the feet of the established order, while Cardinal Manning, besides issuing a letter to his clergy, in which he tells them that Victoria has "shown the heart not only of a queen but of a mother to all who mourn," and that "her home and her court are bright and spotless examples for all who reign and a pattern for all her people," called all the Catholic peers to a special jubilee service, by way, evidently, of showing that the Catholic church, although not by law established, is just as good a supporter of "things as they are" as the established church itself can be.

And still more suggestive, and even more disgusting, is the sympathy and admiration with which a not inconsiderable section of Americans have watched these proceedings and joined in them as far as they could. So much does queen worship suit their taste that, not having a queen of their own to abase themselves before, they eagerly seize the opportunity to do homage to somebody else's queen.

It is proper enough for the president to address a congratulatory letter to the official head of a friendly nation, and for the American minister, so long as we have a minister at St. James, to make an official call, and for such loyal subjects of her majesty as Mr. Joseph J. O'Donoghue to be accorded every facility for the observance of what they regard as a national anniversary, and for American citizens, official or not, to take the opportunity to emphasize the fact that the two great nations of the English speech constitute in reality, but one people between whom nothing should be neglected that may draw closer the bonds of amity. But through most of the American contributions to the jubilee there runs a vein not merely of tolerance, but of admiration for royalty, which is unpleasantly suggestive of the decay, among certain classes at least of our people, of that robust democracy which regards every crowned head as a usurper, and looks forward to the day when nothing but the sovereignty of the people shall anywhere be acknowledged as legitimate.

As for Bishop Potter and the other Episcopal clergymen who engaged in the services at Trinity church, with their express recognitions in prayer and praise of the right divine of kings, they show themselves legitimate spiritual descendants of the Episcopal Tories of the revolution.

The truth is, not merely that old animosities are being forgotten, and that quicker and easier communication is welding more closely together the ocean-separated nations of the same speech, but that the social conditions of the two countries are approximating. That equality of condition under which alone true democracy can exist is with us passing into a state of things in which the line between rich and poor, between privileged and unprivileged, between those born to enjoy the fruits of other people's toil and those born to work for others, is becoming almost as strongly marked as on the opposite side of the Atlantic. And partly from the almost unconscious swaying of interest and partly from conscious fear of the threatened extension of the democratic doctrine of equality of rights to something more substantial than political privileges, our richer classes—our "better classes," as they are beginning to call themselves—naturally turn with admiration to the political system that crowns the social pyramid with a splendidly draped figure, to which the common people can be taught to look in affectionate admiration, and by the magic of the possessive pronoun be led to consider its luxury as their glory, and its wealth as in some sort a compensation for their poverty.

And the same sort of Christianity prevails here that prevails in England. Not to mention Archbishop Corrigan—who, being called "your grace" and occupying a palace and bagging from the shearing of his flock something over \$40,000 a year, is the nearest parallel we can furnish to the archbishop of Canterbury, and whose determination to exert the whole power of the pope to compel his "subjects" to support the powers that be, is well known—but to jump at once to the opposite wing of what passes for orthodox Christianity, there are some documents printed in the last number of the *Christian Union* that are of much interest in this connection.

These are a report and addresses on the subject of city evangelization, made to the American home missionary society at its recent meeting in Saratoga by a committee appointed for the purpose by the Home missionary society and the National council of Congregational churches, and consisting of the Reverend Doctors Lyman Abbott, Josiah Strong, James G. Roberts and James Gideon Johnson.

These men are spiritual successors of the Puritans and Independents who hated poverty and fought prelatry, yet their position with regard to what they themselves call "the question of the hour" is essentially that of pope and prelate. They assume the division of rich and poor to be part of the providential order as confidently, if not as distinctly, as does Bishop Vaughan, and they throw the responsibility of things as they are upon the Almighty as clearly as does the archbishop of Canterbury. They, of course, also hold, as do those prelates and all other believers in the divine order-

ing of poverty, that it is the duty of Christian men to somewhat smooth off the rough edges of things as they are, so far as it can be done by preaching and charity without interference with "vested rights," as the lawyers term those peculiar privileges which Christianity of this sort attributes to the special favor with which the Almighty regards certain of his creatures. But one of the things that make this report worthy of attention, and remove it by a long distance from the position of those who would merely go along doling out charity on old methods, is the strength of the consciousness which it exhibits that some extensive smoothing off process is necessary.

The work which the home missionary society urges through its committee as being far more important than the work of foreign missions, is to be done among the working classes of the great cities, which the report recognizes as necessarily the poor. The rich are called on to pay the expenses, but the poor are to get the preaching and the charity—partly because they need them most and partly because, as the committee see, a spirit of discontent very dangerous to "things as they are" is arising among the poor.

In this way does the report describe the conditions of life of the masses in our great cities, to which, as they truthfully say, the bulk of our population is steadily and rapidly tending:

In the fermenting populations of these great cities are begotten influences which stimulate to every form of vice. The poorer classes live in houses that are not and cannot be made homes, under unsanitary conditions from which God's free gifts—fresh air, pure water and bright sunshine—are shut out. In the more densely populated wards churches are few and liquor shops and gambling halls are plenty. To them are drawn, by a strange but irresistible attraction, the unemployed; in them herd the paupers and the criminals. Great gulfs almost as impassable as that which separated Dives and Lazarus intervene between the classes, which are rapidly becoming hereditary castes. Ignorance, superstition and discontent make great masses of men an easy prey to demagogues, and the ballot intended for their protection becomes an added peril to them and to their neighbors. Political corruption is seen in its worst and most shameful forms in the great municipalities. Said the chief of police of New York city to one of your committee more than twenty years ago: "You are living on the edge of a volcano." In the anti-draft riots of New York city, the labor riots of Cleveland and Cincinnati, and the socialist riots of Chicago and Milwaukee, we have seen some premonitory eruptions of the before unknown lava boiling and seething beneath the surface. Nor are all the vices which make the great city a menace to modern civilization on one side of the great gulf. Spiritual perception discerns in the upper classes a haste to be rich which recalls the apostle's declaration that covetousness is idolatry, and a passion for pleasure which recalls his other declaration, that she liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.

"God's free gifts—fresh air, pure water and bright sunshine"—say this Congregational committee! It never seems to have entered their pious heads, professional students as they are of God's ways toward man, that there is also another free gift of God, without which his human creatures cannot enjoy air, water or sunshine. Yet most clearly and unmistakably—so clearly and unmistakably that these Congregational ministers must wilfully and deliberately have closed their eyes to it—is it from the monopolization of God's free gift of land that all the evils they so vividly picture arise. But of this obvious cause, and the equally obvious remedy, they have not one word. On the contrary they immediately go on to explain why this "tendency of modern populations to concentrate in great cities is not to be deprecated." It is because—

If the great city is a menace to modern civilization, it is still more an opportunity for modern missionary work. . . . God brings the heathen in great numbers from foreign lands and puts them in our own home and with all the advantages of an atmosphere and pervasive Christianity. He masses them in great bodies where we may have easy access to them.

How kind God is to home missionary societies, and how considerate of their convenience! It is really much more convenient (to the missionary) to have the heathen sent to the missionary than to have the missionary sent after the heathen, as were Peter and Paul and Patrick and Augustine. And, then, observe how beautifully this discovery, that these heathen Irish and Germans and Italians are sent over here by God to have Congregational Christianity preached to them, harmonizes with the notion entertained by Anglican and Italian prelates of the divine warrant of private property in land. For in its light it is plainly to be seen that this institution is sanctioned by Divine Providence, not merely in order that a land-owning class may be enabled to live in idleness off of the labor of a non-landowning class, but also in order that by high rents and low wages heathen may be driven from Europe to America. And then when those heathen get here the same beneficent institution, by producing an artificial scarcity of land here, crowds them so compactly together in our great cities—piles them, in fact, so densely on the top of one another in tenement houses, that "home" missionaries can get at the maximum number of heathen with the minimum amount of exertion.

Rev. Lyman Abbott, chairman of the committee, expanded further on the point of the providential concentration of heathen. In his supplementary address he says: "God, by his providence, brings great

foreign populations, half pagan, to our shores and plants them here that, amidst Christian civilization, in a Christian atmosphere coming in contact with us in our own homes and in our stores, brushing against us in our own streets, we may convert them in the midst of a Christian atmosphere. . . . This great population coming here, God next concentrates them where we can get at them easily. He puts them in masses. . . . Not only this. God gathers the peoples, not only in concentrated populations in great cities, but in great fermenting populations, where they brush against one another; where they feel the influence of the daily press, of the annual election, of business strife; where they feel all the pressure and pulse-beat of a living, busy activity.

If this is the kind of God in which the Rev. Lyman Abbott and his associates actually believe, it is, failing anything better, sincerely to be hoped that they may soon be converted to Buddhism or to atheism. For to a rightly balanced mind it must be vastly more consoling to think that the conditions of men in this life are the net result of their deeds in previous lives, or that the whole universe is but the action and reaction of force and matter, than to really believe that an intelligent Creator clothes immortal souls in human bodies and can then devise no better way of saving them from a Congregational hell of eternal torment than by crowding them together in the conditions this report so graphically describes, in order that home missionaries may, with the minimum of inconvenience to themselves, "have a whack" at their conversion.

Having expounded their ideas of the divine economy in providing the miserably poor for the conversion of the benevolent rich, Dr. Abbott and his associates go on to urge upon Congregational Christians both their duty and their interest in "city Christianization." This part of the report and addresses presents such a queer jumble of ideas that it is impossible to do adequate justice to it in any brief condensation.

"The object of the gospel," says the committee, "is organic as well as personal; it is for the salvation of society as well as of the individual. The church is charged," say they, "with the duty of doing something toward answering the prayer which the Master has taught us to pray—Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. To turn the great cities which are mere commercial marts into cities of our God—to convert Vanity Fair into a New Jerusalem, this is the mission of the gospel; this is at once the duty and the opportunity of the Christian church."

Brave words at the bridge! How does the committee propose to carry them out? Murry, thus:

First, to "construct tenements for the working people in which a cleanly, healthy, home life is possible," it having been found "that the working people are quick to avail themselves of the proffered chance, and that the rentals are adequate to pay a reasonable interest on the investment."

Second, "to promote the organization of churches in the churchless wards of our great cities, and to have prayer meetings, gospel services, Sunday schools, mission chapels, Bible readings and tenement house visitations."

Third, to divide the city into districts, and to have each household visited at regular intervals, to ascertain "where a call from a pastor is important, and where a little judicious assistance would bring the family to church."

Fourth, to induce Christian families to go and live in tenement houses, that the light of their good example may be shed abroad on the heathen around about.

Fifth, to establish special schools and send a special corps of preachers for the work of city evangelization, "men of tact, alert rather than scholarly; sinewy rather than cultivated; masters of the English rather than adepts in Greek and Hebrew."

Then, having settled just how the heathen of our cities are to be converted, and Vanity Fair turned into the New Jerusalem, the committee come to what they frankly state is the most important question of all: "How shall we get the money?"

The answer they give is that the Christian ministry must get rich Christians to donate it by explaining to them that "all wealth is a trust; that nothing belongs to the individual; that all is God's, and all God's wealth is in the hands of the wealthy in trust for the poor," and that "the first letter in the alphabet of Christianity is not known by that nation which does not know that the life is more than meat; and that the nation which is growing rich in things and poor in men is on the highway to national bankruptcy."

It is hardly necessary to call the attention of the denouncers of communism and socialism to the utterance of the four Congregational doctors of divinity that I have italicized, and to a statement in another part of the report that "the housing of the people cannot be left to be determined by freedom of contract."

In the meantime if Dr. Abbott wishes to preach to that text from the tail of a cart in the tenement districts, he can be certain of an enthusiastic audience.

should understand with their heart, and should be converted."

As ex-Governor Dorsheimer has the reputation of being a man of gentlemanly instincts, he will probably be thankful for having his attention called to the fact that his paper is being used by some "palace tool" to disseminate slanderous insinuations against the personal character of Dr. McGlynn. On Tuesday the *Star* contained a lying, slanderous insinuation, set forth with studied malignity, that Dr. McGlynn had fraudulently failed to pay the legacies of \$500 each left by his mother to the Little Sisters of the Poor and to the fund for aged and indigent priests, construing his very natural and proper refusal to be catechized about the matter by a *Star* reporter on the stage of the Academy of Music as an evidence of conscious guilt. The plain truth of the matter, as known to Dr. McGlynn's friends, is that the estate of Mrs. McGlynn did not at the time of her death amount to enough to pay the legacies mentioned in her will, which was made some years before, and that the doctor himself paid all the personal legacies. On Thursday morning the *Star* returns to the same vile business, saying editorially:

A gentleman, a Protestant, and a friend and admirer of Henry George, says that Dr. McGlynn now often lapses into fits of gloomy, moody silence, during which the signs of the intense mental strain that are depicted on his face plainly indicate the cruel torture that rages within. These spells cause much alarm among his old friends. They see that, like a race horse on whom desperate gamblers have staked their all, he is being pushed by his present managers for every atom of strength and influence that is in him. No one who knew him in the old days fails to predict that he cannot stand the strain, and that in six months he will be either a mental or a physical wreck.

Of my own knowledge I can declare this false. Never since I have known him has Dr. McGlynn seemed stronger, mentally and physically, than now, and the work he is doing in traveling every day and speaking every night proves this. If he chooses to retire into his own thoughts rather than be pestered by the questions of a bore, it is because he finds them better company.

Again the *Star* says:

In addition to the incident of Mrs. McGlynn's will given yesterday in the news columns of the *Star*, we believe we are the first to publish the fact that before the unpleasant ecclesiastical trouble culminated in the suspension of the ex-pastor of St. Stephen's, Archbishop Corrigan drove to his house in East Twenty-ninth street, and the doctor refused to receive the card he sent up. The archbishop then said: "Tell Dr. McGlynn I am still here, and only want five minutes of his time." But the message made no change, and the archbishop had to go away without gaining admission.

This I cannot, of course, deny from personal knowledge, but I am morally certain that it is an unmitigated falsehood. Not that there would be any impropriety in Dr. McGlynn refusing to receive the archbishop in his sick chamber, or in refusing to see him at all under the circumstances, so long as letter paper and postage stamps were to be had; but because the story is utterly inconsistent both with the character of Dr. McGlynn and with that of Archbishop Corrigan.

These stories are but samples of even more vicious ones that, set afloat from this city, are being whispered about in Catholic circles in other parts of the country. Whoever hears any story derogatory to Dr. McGlynn may without further inquiry set it down as a malicious falsehood inspired by that hatred which is the subject of Browning's "Soliloquy of a Spanish Cloister."

If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence, God's blood! wouldn't mine kill you.

Were Dr. McGlynn not a man strong and wise, of the highest rectitude and purest character, conscientious and spiritually-minded, his friends of years would not have so stood to him.

In the same article the *Star* goes on to say:

In many quarters it is noted as strange that Dr. McGlynn has never answered the assertion, several times repeated, of the archbishop, that he could make known the whole details of his case only when Dr. McGlynn gave him permission to do so. Why, if he has been treated so unjustly, does he not accept this invitation to show the public the charges against him?

This is the most vicious of all these insinuations. It is one of the attempts which have been made through nearly all the New York papers to take advantage of the indistinctness with which most persons retain the recollection of a long series of events learned of through the newspapers, to begot the public mind as to the relation of definite facts.

The truth of this matter is that when Dr. McGlynn was evicted from St. Stephen's, a committee appointed at a meeting of his parishioners wrote to Archbishop Corrigan respectfully asking an interview, that they might learn his reasons for the removal of their loved pastor. On the following day Archbishop Corrigan addressed their chairman as follows:

Sir—In consequence of a prior engagement which detained me until a late hour last night, I have been unable to attend sooner to your registered letter of yesterday, which came to hand as I was leaving the house. I now avail myself of the first free moment to remind you and your associates that in the Catholic church bishops give an account of their official actions to their superiors when occasion requires, and not to those under their charge. I am not aware that in transferring a subaltern officer from one post to another a general in the army consults his soldiers.

Still, making allowance for excited feelings,

and for the attachment entertained for one who has so long held toward you the sacred relations of pastor, I am willing, as a matter of favor, to state the reason of my actions in this particular case, if Dr. McGlynn expresses in writing a desire to that effect. Otherwise, through the same regard for him which has induced me to keep silence for more than a month, since his refusal to obey the holy see—a refusal more than once expressed to me in writing—I prefer to say nothing in the premises.

Dr. McGlynn, adhering to the policy of silence which he had all along pursued, made no request, but without waiting a decent time for that, Archbishop Corrigan, on the next day but one, summoned the reporters of the New York press to his palace, where they were handed copies of a long statement of his reasons for the two suspensions and final removal of Dr. McGlynn, beginning with the dispatch of Cardinal Simeoni in 1882 and ending with a cable dispatch received from Cardinal Jacobini that morning. The first paragraph of the archbishop's statement is as follows:

New York, Jan. 21, 1887.

The press of this city has shown so much courtesy toward me in the painful issue that has engaged much general attention for the past few weeks, that I determined this morning, in view also of other reasons which will appear further on in this communication, to make a simple, straightforward statement of the facts in the case, such as I know them, without personal feeling and without comment, and this communication is intended to be final.

These are the facts. I now trust that Governor Dorsheimer will show that he is, as I take him to be, an honorable antagonist, and not a sneaking slanderer. I say this, knowing what those who have never occupied such a position very often do not know, that the responsible editor of a great paper frequently has no knowledge of things that have appeared in his own journal.

The New York *Herald* does nothing by halves. Like the little girl with the curl on her forehead—

"When it is good, it is very, very good, but when it is bad, it is horrid."

It recently published a series of editorials, with a view of convincing Irish Catholics that McGlynn and George are trying to turn them into British Protestants, which, whether intentional or not, might have given even the practiced pens of the *Evening Post* a lesson in cool and artistic misrepresentation. It is, however, to be said to the credit of the *Herald* that it at the same time opened its columns to communications from its readers, not only on this subject, but on the land question, and has got, and printed them, of such kind and quality as to show not only that on this subject at least, the *Herald* editorials may well be left to *Herald* correspondents, but to give its contemporaries a lesson both in fairness and in good journalism. But many papers in other parts of the country, and doubtless in other parts of the world—are reprinting these *Herald* articles, and in doing so give the bane without the antidote. Here is an extract from its editorial calculated to begot the issue between Dr. McGlynn and the Roman authorities which it may be worth while to set straight:

Dr. McGlynn became enamored of this land business. It took possession of him. He could think of nothing else, could speak of nothing else. The authorities of Rome heard that there was a conflict of opinion between him and his ecclesiastical superior. No matter how they heard it, or by whom—they heard it. At once the pope politely invited him to a conference. He did not go. Again he was invited, more urgently. He refused. Then he was ordered peremptorily, because the church is accustomed to be obeyed. The general in chief ordered the lieutenant to come to headquarters. The lieutenant not only disobeyed, but continued the offense. At last it came to such a pass that either the Catholic church had to submit to a priest or the priest had to submit to the church.

The facts are that Dr. McGlynn has never yet been politely invited to a conference either by propaganda or pope. He was first suspended, then ordered to come to Rome and retract his opinions on the land question, and finally he has, it seems, been ordered to Rome under penalty of excommunication by name if he shall not appear within forty days, that are now nearly up.

Dr. McGlynn's reasons for not going to Rome have been already given. He cannot retract what he knows to be truth, and he will not admit the right of bishop, propaganda or pope to order him to Rome to answer for the acts or opinions of an American citizen.

So, unless the demonstration of last Saturday night has frightened the pope, Dr. McGlynn will probably within a week or so be excommunicated by name.

There stands hard by the palace of the holy inquisition in Rome a statue which has been placed there since Rome became the capital of a united Italy. On it is this inscription:

GALILEO GALILEI was imprisoned in the neighboring palace for having seen

that the earth revolves around the sun. In after years, when the true-hearted American priest shall have rested from his labors, and what is now being done is history, there will arise by the spot where he shall be excommunicated such a statue and such an inscription. And days will come when happy little children, such as now die like flies in tenement houses, shall be held up by their mothers to lay garlands upon it.

HENRY GEORGE.

The Rev. Mr. Pentecost has consented to devote his July vacation to speaking through New York state. Applications for dates may be addressed to THE STANDARD.

ANTI-POVERTY.

THE SOCIETY PACKS THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC AND IRVING HALL.

Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, Dr. McGlynn and Henry George speak in both houses—A testimonial to Dr. McGlynn from the Russian-American League.

Dr. Jeremiah Coughlin opened the eighth meeting of the Anti-poverty society last Sunday evening. While he was speaking a committee from the Russian-American League—N. Atkinson, L. Goldenberg and Boris Jovoff, accompanied by a lady—came upon the stage with a letter and a beautiful floral emblem for Dr. McGlynn, who was seated near the middle with Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost and Henry George. The following passage in the letter was received with great applause:

As native sons of a country suffering under the oppressive government of a despotic czar, it behooves us to express our deepest reverence and heartfelt gratitude to the man who, imbued with the noble sentiments of the true American spirit, knows how to appreciate the great struggle of our brethren who daily sacrifice their lives to achieve freedom, and who, in our age of prejudice and class interests, sympathy and ecclesiastical gloominess, dares to raise his voice against the oppressors and their selfish sympathizers and co-workers.

The chairman, after reading the letter, announced that Rev. Mr. Pentecost of Newark would deliver the "long talk" in the Academy while Dr. McGlynn would speak at the same time in Irving hall, and that then the speakers would change places. Mr. Pentecost on rising to speak was received with great applause. He said:

Mr. Chairmen, Ladies and Gentlemen: Not very many years ago there appeared in a newspaper published in South Carolina the following advertisement: "Twenty dollars reward—Bran away, a negro girl, sixteen or seventeen years of age; slim build, branded on the left cheek with the letter R; a piece clipped out of the left ear and branded in the same manner on the inside of both legs. (Signed) Abner Ross." That advertisement appeared when negro chattel slavery was in legal force in this country, and was befriended by the newspapers and by lawyers, merchants, bishops and ministers, many of whom are still alive (a voice, "They ought to be dead!"); and who are as much in the dark to-day concerning the iniquity of private property in land as they were then concerning the iniquity of private property in men. ("Hear, hear!" and applause.)

On the third day of this present month Molly Jackson, a white woman, was condemned by a judge in Paducah, Ky., for vagrancy, to be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for thirty days. Much objection is made when we say that poverty is a crime; and yet the ruling of the court in Kentucky is that poverty is a crime of such a nature that it must be punished by the criminal being sold into slavery. (Hisses.)

In the city of Newark, where I live, not many weeks ago an American white woman, a widow with four children, answered an advertisement in a newspaper asking for some one to do a certain sort of work; and when she made her application for the work, she was kindly given employment by a man who sold children's pretty dresses for living for himself and his family. He kindly gave her the privilege of making these children's pretty dresses, and graciously gave her eight cents apiece for them. So that, by hard work through long hours she was enabled to take from the share of this world's wealth which she helps to produce, each day twenty-four cents, each week \$1.44, each year \$72.00, with which to put a shelter over her own head and the heads of her children, to furnish them with clothing and with food, to buy drink and indulge in the other extravagances to which we are told the poor are especially addicted. (Laughter and applause.)

Negro chattel slavery has been abolished in this country because it has been discovered that it is cheaper to hire men than to own them. (Applause.) "Why don't you build a roof over these men?" said some one to a railroad superintendent who had in charge a gang of hands—men used to be men, they are hands now—(applause)—"Don't you see that the rain falls upon them, and don't you know that they will get the pneumonia and the asthma?" "Put a roof over them?" said the superintendent. "Men are cheaper than shingles (laughter); there are plenty more to take their place when these drop out." (Hisses.) "How is it," said a citizen to a man who had in charge a street railroad, "that you compel your drivers to eat their meals on the front platform out of a tin bucket, allowing them no time, don't you know that that is unhealthy?" "Oh, hell," said the man, "I couldn't do it without putting on more horses (laughter and applause), and horses cost money, but men cost nothing." (Hisses.)

I don't know whether Molly Jackson has been sold or not. I doubt it. If she has not, I doubt if she ever will be, because it will be much cheaper for somebody to take her for those thirty days and pay her wages at the current rates for the skill that she probably possesses. It is money in the purse of that man in New Jersey to hire the woman to make children's pretty dresses, and not to own her.

If you liberate men from chattel slavery and put them into industrial slavery, you knock off the iron shackles from them, but you leave them shackled by social conditions, still, and until those social conditions are changed so that it will be possible once more in this free country for a man to make a living for himself and his family without the help of his wife and children; so that it will be possible for that widow woman, strong and willing to work, to make a living for herself and her children; which is not so now, for she has been obliged to put two of those little children in an orphan asylum which has been provided by the Christian charity of a Christian society which will not allow poor people ordinary heaven justice; when you liberate a man from chattel slavery in which the owner was obliged to take care of him, what do you do? You simply give him the privilege of henceforth taking care of himself; and the hundreds of thousands, the million and more of men that are all the time out of work in this country are demonstrating that that is a very difficult thing under present circumstances to do. (Applause.)

What have we to glory in, if we keep men in chattel slavery, when it is cheaper to own them than it is to hire them; and then liberate them when it is cheaper to hire them than it is to own them? (Applause.) The pro-poor press and people will tell you that it is free land; there is no such thing as free land; they will point you to the working people who own their own little houses, and tell you about the millions of dollars that the workingmen have stored away in savings banks; and that there is no such thing as industrial slavery; that it is all the inflated talk of such men as are in the habit of talking to you here. (Laughter.) It is true, nevertheless, and the very men who own their cottages—though they themselves deny it sometimes—have these millions of dollars, are still industrial slaves, only a little better off than the others. In the old slave days a slave who had a good master was a little bet-

ter off than one who had a hard master. A slave whose duties called him into the house was better off than a field hand. A slave who was personally ambitious and used a little ground that a kind master allowed him, would perhaps by and by make enough to purchase his own freedom. But the men who raised the standard of freedom for those chattel slaves fought not only for the slaves who were in this good estate, but for those also who were in the worst estate as well, and said: "This must be abolished, because it is wrong for one man to own another." (Great applause.) And so we of the Anti-poverty society—of the Anti-poverty political party, if you like (applause)—admit that some industrial slaves are better off than others. We admit that the locomotive engineers and the glass blowers and men in other good trades can still get comparatively good pay, and are better off than others; but we look at the hindmost ones, the day laborers, the worst paid industrial slaves, and we say that it is wrong to so monopolize natural opportunities—(A voice, "So it is.") Another voice, "Don't forget the tramps." That is right; this movement means that there is a brotherhood for the tramps, too. (Applause.) I didn't finish that last sentence, but you finished it for me, and I will let it go.

Now what constitutes slavery? In the old anti-slavery days Mr. Beecher made a great sensation in this city, in the pulpit of the Broadway tabernacle, by bringing in there a bunch of slave chains and flinging them down on the platform and dramatically raising his foot upon them and often times raising his whip in order to create sympathy. But is that what constitutes slavery, the putting iron chains on a man—niggering him! Then I have been in slavery, too, for, though I have not had an iron chain on me, I have been in dark closets filled with goblins; I have been flogged by parents and school teachers and—bigger boys. (Applause and laughter.) That is not the essence of slavery. It is slavery when one man takes another and compels him to yield up all or part of the products of his labor to him. (Applause.) The man who owned another in the old chattel slavery days had only that power. He took the product of the man's labor, and he gave him shelter, clothing and food. Now, wherever you find a man or a woman who works long hours and long years, and at the end of those long years has nothing to show for all his work, because it has been taken away from him with the exception of just what was necessary to keep him in working condition—if that is not the same thing, then I should like to have somebody define the difference for me between slavery and slavery! (Applause.)

We say that there are millions of men in this country to-day who are in industrial slavery because of social conditions! And we have raised the banner, the cross of this new crusade (great applause) for their deliverance. And if it is struck from our hands into the dust of defeat, we pray that God will send other hands to carry it on, until it shall be planted upon the battlements of the kingdom of God. (Great applause.) We found out what was the cause of chattel slavery; and when we discovered it, we changed it by legislation and force. We have discovered the cause of industrial slavery, and we are going by legislation to change that (applause); and when that legislative change comes, if the modern slave holders object to it, and put their objections into the shape of revolt, all the worse for them! (Great applause.)

I said we had discovered the cause of industrial slavery; but it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to make other people see it. A friend of mine sat in the box here when I spoke to this audience before, and the next time I saw him, he said: "Do you know I didn't know any more when you got through what you were talking about than I did when you began." (Laughter.) I should have been very much chagrined about that if it had not been that I remembered there were several thousands of persons before me who conducted themselves exactly as if they did know what I was talking about. (Laughter.) I admit that my friend is in the majority now, the majority of those who do not seem to know what we are talking about. But the time is not far away when the man who does not know what we are talking about will be as far in the backwoods as that man is whom we hear of occasionally as still voting for General Jackson. (Applause and laughter.) I suppose that for the most of you there is no necessity for me to explain our simple fundamental principles; yet it is possible that there is some person in this hall such as my friend was when I was here before, and for that reason I may be justified in calling up to-night the primary class in the new political economy. (Laughter.) I hope it will be necessary to put anybody on the dunce stool, as I sometimes feel strongly inclined to do (laughter), for instance, when I was talking to the managing editor of one of your great newspapers—for I sometimes associate with great people. (Applause and laughter.) He said to me that Henry George himself did not understand his own theories. "At any rate," he said, "he doesn't understand them." And then he went to work and demonstrated to me, to my perfect satisfaction, the truth of his statement. (Laughter.) You know when a man is drunk the best evidence in the world of it is that he thinks everybody else is drunk (laughter); and I suppose it is some kind of a consolation to a man who doesn't know what we are talking about to believe that nobody else does, especially Mr. George. (Applause and laughter.)

I must confess that there does seem to be a tremendous amount of willful ignorance upon this subject. (A voice, "That is true.") Occasionally I meet a man who expresses that sort of ignorance. I say to him, "Have you ever read the works of Henry George?" "No; I don't want to read them." (Laughter.) That is where his head is level if he don't want to become a convert. "I wouldn't read such trash—the works of an irresponsible dreamer"—sometimes they say a "lunatic" even. (Laughter.) And then after that they usually end by saying, "I don't know anything about it and I thank the Lord I don't." That sounds very pious, and I think that when they thank the Lord for their ignorance they have a great deal to be thankful for. (Uproarious laughter and tremendous applause.)

And yet there is really no occasion for anybody to be ignorant on the subject with sense enough to buy a piece of ground and hold it for a rise in price. It is very simple. Now, the primer class. Land, labor and capital are the three factors in the production of wealth. Remember that. (Laughter.) Land is opportunity, the passive factor. Labor is the application of the productive power to land. Capital is labor's assistant, not labor's boss. (Great applause.) Three equal partners in the industrial concern. When the returns are made in the distribution of wealth there ought to be something like equality in the portion that each one of the partners receives. Jones, Smith and Brown are members of a firm. They ought to distribute the profits among them equally, if they are equal partners. Jones, by some sort of hocus pocus, gets half the profits and leaves a quarrel each to Smith and Brown, and when that gets through the heads of Smith and Brown there is a row in that firm. (Laughter.) And when by and by they discover that Jones never ought to have been a member, that he came in by fraud, that he has been robbing them ever since he has been

in, they give him what the boys call "the grand bounce." (Laughter.)

That is just what is going on in this world all the time. Land, labor and capital are three equal partners; but some of them get possession of the land manages, by an economic law that is as inflexible as the law of gravitation, to get the largest share of the profits, in spite of all that can be done to prevent him. Labor and capital are working out their days to put profits into the pockets of the land owner. (Applause.) The land owner is the great boodler of the ages. (Applause.) It does not need any demonstration. Anybody can see that, for instance, the facilities for travel which are pouring people into Harlem with such rapidity, and in such numbers increase rents in Harlem. Nobody ever heard of wages being higher in Harlem than in New York. The railroads that run from here to Newark, I am happy to say, have reduced their fares from fifteen cents to ten cents, if you buy enough tickets at once. But nobody expects that wages will go up in Newark because of that. Everybody knows, and the very papers that are fighting this movement say, "What a good thing for Newark real estate owners."

Everybody understands this. The law is inflexible. And in spite of all that we can do, it turns the largest share of the wealth that is produced in this world into the pockets of a few people in the shape of rent. Nothing that you can do under present conditions can change that state of affairs. That is why we have to keep replying to the daily press, and largely to the religious press, who say that the trouble is not with the land owner at all; it is with the intemperance and extravagance and shiftlessness and incompetency of laboring people. Now mark you: That is not so. (Applause.) We are not defenders of intemperance and incompetence. We all know that there is intemperance and extravagance and incompetence. It is no wonder that there should be. But suppose that by some miracle every man, woman and child should become a total abstainer. Think of that. (Laughter.) And he should become ambitious, industrious and competent; and every possible improvement in labor-saving machinery and in brain and in the character of men and in the methods of exchange should take place in this town; what would be the result? It would be an exceedingly desirable place to live in, and rents would go way up, and the wages of those reformed people would actually be less than they are now. ("Hear, hear," and applause.)

Mr. Edward Atkinson (hisses) has already figured out that a man can live on \$30 a year, if he is only economical enough. And just as soon as he did live on \$30 a year, that is where he would go (applause). Because under the conditions in which we now live, the iron law of wages would always be pushing wages down to the life line; and if it is true that they are higher to-day than ever before, as *Brooklyn* says, it is only because the laboring men have combined to oppose those who are pushing wages down, and say they shall not go down. ("Good, good," and great applause.) They have kept them up a little bit; but that sort of work is like clinging to a spar or a raft in an open ocean, and can not last forever. The powers that are arrayed against organized labor are stronger than organized labor; and unless this reform that we are working for takes place, the time will soon come when labor will have no more strength to push wage up.

Somebody will say that's all clear enough; but hasn't the land owner the right to take all that he can get? The land is his, and he has a perfect right to take all he can get. If that is so, then I, as a member of the Anti-poverty society, will make a motion at the next business meeting to dissolve the society, fold our tents, silently endure our ill-paid toil in this life, and hope for a world to come where land shall be so ethereal that it cannot be grabbed. (Applause.) But is it so? (Cries of "No, no!") If the land owner has a right to the land, and therefore the right to what the land gives him, he must be able to show his title; not the title that he's got now, because when we search the title we find that, and under that, and under the next; we go clear down to the bottom and say we want you to get out the title and show to us that you got it from the man who made this land. (Great applause.) And if, in searching away down to the bottom, we happen to find that the man who first got hold of that piece of land, stole it or took it by force, then we say: "In the name of the children of God, who come every moment into the world, and are swarming over the earth, and are his children, you have no right to that piece of land as against the true heirs to it. (Great applause.)"

If you can hold a piece of land without doing injury to anybody else, it wouldn't be so necessary to go way down to that bottom title. But it happens that you cannot hold that piece of land in fee simple without doing injury to some one else; and so this becomes a pertinent question in morals. And when I ask, is there a man who can show a title from the Creator of the land? you have already answered, no. Nobody can hold such a title as that. If that is true, then the present title is worth no more than the first title on which it is based. (Applause.) Oh, but our friends, the enemy, come and smile and say, we will give up that point. Rather! There is no way to stick to it very well. It must be given up. But this is the point they make: A man has a right to the land by virtue of the labor he puts into it. If he cuts down the trees and pulls up the stumps, and drives a plow through it, and builds a house upon it, it is his. And this is the argument that is used to justify Mr. Scully, who lives in Ireland, in taking half the product from men who labor on his land in Illinois. (Hisses.)

After I spoke here before, dear friends, a good many newspapers in this country said that I was an exceedingly frivolous and irreverent minister. So I said to myself, now when I go over to New York again and get into the hands of these reporters, I will try to be more dignified. (Laughter.) But when I think of this argument, that the land belongs to a man by virtue of his labor, as justifying the title of the man who never saw the land which he owns, then I am strongly tempted to make use of a flippant expression which I found in "Progress and Poverty" (applause)—"In the name of the prophet, flog!" (Applause and laughter.) This is what Mr. George said (applause); and, translating that into the vernacular of the lively New York boy, it will read like this: "The name of the prophet, flog!" (Great applause and laughter, and three cheers for Pentecost.)

Now, I will catch it again. But I thought of that expression a long time before I determined to use it. It seemed to me that nothing less expressive would apply in this case. Mr. Seth Green stocks the Hudson river with bread, consequently the Hudson river belongs to him. A boat load of men go out into the ocean and beat a whale, consequently the ocean belongs to them. A man shoots a bird flying in the air, if he can (laughter), consequently the air belongs to him. (Great laughter.) An old lady catches a barrel of rain water, consequently the clouds belong to her. (Laughter.) A man takes a handful of wheat and scatters it on the ground and reaps a bushel of wheat, consequently the land belongs to him. (Laughter and applause.) If there is any force in that argument at all then a man owns just as much land as he puts labor on and no more. (Hear! hear! and applause.)

But we deny it. We say that a man owns

every dollar of value that he puts upon that land by his improvements. (Cries of "good! good!"), and every dollar of value that the community puts into that land by its growth belongs to the community (applause), and we stick to that position, because up to this time it has proved to be irrefutable.

The daily papers and the religious papers which I take (laughter), the Protestant papers (laughter), have all recently fallen in love with the Roman Catholic church. (Tremendous applause, continued for five minutes.) This is the way they discuss the land question: All priests and laymen, who are the subjects of their superiors, should be subject to their superiors; and Dr. McGlynn (great applause) is a naughty, naughty man, because he does not go to Rome, and Mr. William O'Brien—(hisses and groans, long because out)—now, they think better of him than you do—was a very, very wise man, because he wouldn't sit on a platform with an Anti-poverty man whose socialistic grandfather's dog chased a rack cat (laughter) across an anarchist's back yard. (Uproarious laughter.) Now, that is all very well, but it don't prove to us how a man can get a title to land. (Applause.) They all abuse Mr. George, but they don't answer his arguments. (Great applause.) They all say that the arguments are fallacious, but they don't point out in what particulars. (Cries of "They can't! they can't!") They all say that the whole scheme is impracticable, and then demonstrate that they do not know what the scheme is, or that they do not want anybody else to know what it is.

We have discovered that it is not right for a man to have the private ownership of land, because by doing that he takes away from the laboring man and the capitalist alike, all the products of their labor except what is useful to keep them at work. And then we say again he has no right to land because he cannot prove his title. Then we come upon this peculiar fact, that that man in a community who takes most of the wealth is the one who above all others is the most complete and absolute non-producer of wealth. (Applause.)

The tramp finds it a bother to beg and a risk to steal, and occasionally he gets so pushed into a corner that he has to cut grass or shovel snow—fish or cut bait, as it were. A bunco stealer lives by his wits, it is true, but he is an enterprising and ingenious man, as everybody knows who has met him. (Laughter.) I know, for it was my fortune once to meet him, although I didn't stay with him long. (Laughter.) A stock speculator preys upon the community, but he must be kept going. The man who comes nearest to the land owner in being absolutely idle is the bondholder; but he will expire one of these days by limitation, and even he must buy, beg, borrow or steal a pair of shears and work twice a year to cut off his coupons. (Laughter and applause.) But the man who gets hold of a piece of land in the right place and at the right time may go to Europe, may go up in a balloon, may go to sleep for twenty years like Rip Van Winkle, and when he wakes will be rich without having lifted his finger to do one solitary thing. (Applause.) It cannot be possible, my friends, that the distinctive idler in the social system is the man who has the right to take the largest part in the distribution of wealth. It cannot be possible. It must be true that that man has no right to what he takes. (Applause.)

That is our simple position; and it seems to us to be irrefragable. Sometimes I put it to my mind in this way, because, I suppose, I am naturally flippant. (Laughter.) I sometimes take a popular phrase that we have and transpose it so that it reads like this:

The workman earns with his arm of brawn; The capitalist with his brain; The land owner does no work at all, But he gets there just the same.

(Uproarious applause and laughter.) There is a little toy in the store windows in this town, it represents an old German, who looks like a German professor, in a figured dressing gown. He holds a queerly shaped club in his hand, and seems very intent on killing a rat that comes out of a corner of a room; and he lifts up his club and strikes at the rat, and always misses him. And that goes on day after day all over the city. That is an illustration of a serious state of things. There are thousands of people in this city, and all over the world, who are industrious wealth producers; but there is a gearing in the social machine that makes it impossible for them to get their share, for as soon as they put their hands out for it, it is whisked into the land owner's pocket.

The question now comes up—an old question it is—what are you going to do about it? Remember who asked the question, and what became of him. (A voice, "Bill Tweed.") This is the answer. We are going to abolish industrial slavery, as we abolished chattel slavery. (Great applause.) How? By abolishing private ownership of land. Just as soon as the wickedness of ownership in man was fairly discovered, this nation rose and put that infamy out of the way. Just as soon as men began to understand that no man can own land without owning the people who are on the land, they will put this infamy out of the way. (Applause.) What are you going to do? Is asked. Turn the whole land into a gigantic mud pie and slice it into fifty million pieces and give one piece to each inhabitant! No; we are not such blooming idiots as that. (Laughter.) Are you going to take away the title from those who hold them at present? No; after we've cut off the lion's claws we pulled his teeth, he may still call himself a lion, but he can't get the lion's share. (Applause.) Is the government going to own the land? No; the government has no more right than the individual. The land is going to be made free, so that when land is unused anyone can go and use it. (Applause.) Isn't this going to make land tenures uncertain? No; perpetual possession is as good as perpetual ownership. Isn't somebody going to offer a bigger rent, perhaps, for some desirable piece and take it away from the user? No, for there will be nobody to offer the rent. If another wants your land he will have to buy it from you, just as now. How is all this going to be done? Simply by shifting the taxes from all the products of labor, and putting them all on the land. And that will force the unproductive member of the partnership out and give the assets to the useful members—labor and capital. Can that simple thing be done without wronging anybody, without working any revolution, without causing any friction in business? Yes; no more than was caused in getting at what they called the resumption of specie payments. Land once free, men will be free to employ themselves as they like. That is the first lesson for the primer class of political economy. (Applause.) If you do not understand it now, you will not take another lesson. (Laughter.) This is what people call a patent remedy for abolishing poverty; and many intelligent people say they cannot see how this change is going to benefit the laboring man. They see the wisdom of a single tax, but they do not see how it is going to benefit the laboring man. If you do not see, stand aside and let us bring it to pass; and then you will see it. (Great applause.)

To-day the southern people would not take back their slaves if they could get them, a thing that could not have been prophesied fifty years ago. So the time will come when private property in land will be looked back upon as a barbarism worse than chattel slavery. (Applause.)

We are not daunted when men tell us that we are interfering with vested rights, because we know that that is false. And when they talk of the vested rights of the few, we say they are the vested wrongs of the many. (Applause.) If they say to us that land is bought under the sanction of the law as it is now, if we have no other reply to make we can say that the government never said that taxes on land never should be increased; and that is all we propose to do. (Applause.) This system is just, right, consonant with common sense, and scriptural, if you like.

In one of the old testament books is this remarkable sentence, "The profit of the land is for all." Good Anti-poverty society doctrine are these words of our Lord Jesus Christ, "Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's," Let Caesar stand for government; and all we propose to take is that which belongs to the community, and render the value of the land to the community. (Applause.) Good Anti-poverty society doctrine are these words of St. Paul, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." (Applause.) This is applied in our Christian pulpits to tramps. Now let us apply it to every one in the community who does not work for a living. (Applause.)

We believe that this movement will succeed because it is right. We believe that in it is a great revival of religion, not churchly religion (applause), not Simonianity (hisses), not Corinthyianity (hisses), but Christianity (tremendous applause); the religion of Him who said when one came to Him and said, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" "Love God and your fellow men." (Applause.)

We believe it will succeed, because we believe it is stronger than priest or church. We believe that there is a power in it that will sweep away every obstacle that can be put in its path. (Applause.) Robert Fulton once went to Napoleon Bonaparte and offered him steam. Said he: "I will carry your armies across the English channel into England. Napoleon Bonaparte looked into it, was skeptical, and sent Fulton away. And when he sent steam away, he sent a power that was greater than he." We appeal to you, oh city, at whose portals stands the Goddess of Liberty, with her face turned off in the direction of the pathless ocean and her back toward this city. We want you to turn that goddess around, and let her face beam with beneficence on the places in which men and women are living, and slaving, and dying, and being carried to paupers' graves, until by and by the light that streams forth from her face shall be not the cold glitter of an electric spark, but the warmth of human sympathy and the ruddy glow of freedom. (Long continued applause, accompanied by waving of hats and handkerchiefs.) We weep over you, oh city, as One in the dim living past wept over Jerusalem, because we know that if you turn aside the truth, as Jerusalem turned aside the truth, ruin will come upon you.

We turn to you, oh nation, whose rich bounties, given with such liberal hand from God, have been monopolized by those who neither love their country nor their kind. (Applause.) We turn to you, oh press, mighty engine when you let your principles conquer your policy! (Applause.) We turn to you, oh holy Catholic church, church of our fathers, born in the fire of the Holy Ghost, suckled on the blood of martyrs, reared in the palace of power, so that you might be another Moses to liberate the people. We turn to you in an agony of hope and expectation. We offer you this cross of the new crusade. (Long continued applause.) We ask you take it up and lead us. We will follow. (Cries of "We will! we will!" and applause.) But if, as Napoleon did with Robert Fulton, you cast us away, remember that you are turning from you a power greater than you are. (Wild applause.) Weak it may be now, but it is gathering strength, until it will win without you, and, if necessary, against you. (Applause.) Not that there is a threat in this. There is no need for us to speak of revolution. There is no need for us even to mention the word "blood" in connection with this reformation. We mean that it will win by the power of truth, as so many times truth has won before. (Applause.)

We want no flag, no flaunting rag. For liberty to fight. We want no blaze of murderous guns To struggle for the right. Our spears and swords are printed words, The mind our battle plain; We've won such victories before, And so we shall again. We love no triumph sprung of force— They stain the brightest cause; 'Tis not in blood that liberty Shall write us civic laws; Shrivels them on the people's hearts In language clear and plain; True thoughts have moved the world before, And so they shall again.

We yield to none in earnest love Of freedom's cause sublime; We join the cry "Fraternity!" We keep the march of time. And yet we grasp not pike or spear, Our victories to obtain; We've won without their aid before, And so we shall again. We want no aid of barricade To show a front to wrong; We have a citadel in truth More durable and strong. Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith Have never striven in vain; They've won our battles many a time, And so they will again. Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood, The ignorant may sneer, The bad deny; but we rely To see their triumphs near. No widow's groans shall load our cause, Nor blood of brethren slain; We've won without such aid before, And so we shall again.

After the applause had subsided Chairman Coughlin read a telegram as follows: "Chairman of the Anti-Poverty Society, Academy of Music: The Philadelphia Anti-poverty society send greetings and desires to congratulate Dr. McGlynn upon yesterday's testimony to his self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of human rights." W. J. ATKINSON.

Mr. Henry George said: "We are going to win (a voice, "So we are"), and that soon. Such addresses as we have just heard from a Christian minister proves it. From all sides they are beginning to rally. From all sides the cross of the new crusade is beginning to draw those who will stand for it to the end. And burning words such as these that we have heard will in a little while from now be ringing all through this land." (Applause.)

Concluding, Mr. George said he congratulated the men and women on the great demonstration of the night before. "It was a fitting answer, that demonstration on behalf of the men of New York, and especially on behalf of the masses of New York, to the threats that have been made against their beloved friend, Isolated! The people showed how much he was isolated."

Dr. Coughlin made a few remarks about the parade of Saturday night. He concluded: "The Irish people have remained faithful through centuries of oppression to the truth

of the Catholic church; but they have always, through all ages, raised up their hands and said—in early ages, in the middle ages, and yes, lately in Dublin—they have raised up their hands and said no, we don't want injustice, we will not be treated unjustly; while we love the church and while we are true and faithful Catholics, no crimes of popes or priests or bishops can wipe that out of our hearts. (Applause.)

"I tell Archbishop Corrigan (hisses) and the pope that no matter what they may do, they cannot drive the Irish Catholics away from the church." (Tremendous applause.)

Dr. McGlynn said he had been preaching a sermon in Irving hall, rather than delivering an address on political economy. Yet no apology was needed for preaching a sermon on the blessed evening of the day of rest from labor. He thought it a happy thing that, while the society had clearly made it known that it was not its purpose to establish a church, much less to preach a new religion, yet it had decided to hold its meetings in the stillness of the sweet Sabbath evening. There were two great instructive and comforting parallels in the new crusade. One was the wonderful parallel between the truth of the political economy dear to his hearers and the Christian religion as taught by the Lord and Master. The manner in which the Christian religion was received by the world was to be compared with the reception accorded the new crusade. Dr. McGlynn dwelt for some moments upon these comparisons, and spoke of the message of peace brought to the world alike by the Christian religion and the new teachings of justice. Some of the further passages in his address were as follows:

"Sloth is a curse to itself. Labor is to itself a blessing. Labor, properly understood, is so good and so sweet, so noble a thing, so entirely in keeping with the dignity and the best interests of man, that, as was well understood by the sages and saints of old, labor rightfully performed and for the high and holy purposes for which it was ordained is but another form of prayer. 'Labor est oratio.' To labor is to pray."

"We may well hope that the day is not far distant when after the abolition of industrial slavery by the restoration of the bounties of nature, by compelling the privileged classes that desire to or shall possess the common bounties to pay for those privileges to the community, the very men who are caricaturing us to-day and denouncing us as subverting order and teaching things contrary to the teachings of our blessed Savior, as teaching things contrary to the teachings of the Christian church, will thank God for the abolition of industrial slavery; and we shall wonder at the speedy victory. And those who are fiercest in opposing us to-day will be loudest in ascribing praises to God for the wondrous blessing."

"It were a recreancy to the best interests of humanity, to the best interests of those who revile us by their mistaken bidding, to refuse to preach the truth. We are the best benefactors of those who would stop our mouths and revile our teachings, by refusing to be silenced and by preaching aloud with all the strength that God shall give us the gospel, until it shall have converted the world. But life is too short, and the truth is too precious, and there are too many myriads of men perishing for want of the truth, for us to permit ourselves to think that it is wise or permissible, still less to think that it is dutiful, for prudential reasons or for any mere earthly considerations, to refuse to preach this gospel."

"The masses cry out and demand that we preach it; and all the circumstances, woven together as by a providence of God, make clear the path of duty; and it were strange recreancy to fail to tread in it. It has been made so clear and so unmistakable that even the blind cannot fail to see it."

Dr. McGlynn concluded by reading, "Who Is My Neighbor?"

The collections were: From new members, \$32; from the audience, \$282.95; making altogether \$314.95.

At Irving Hall.

The overflow meeting was held in Irving hall, which, like the Academy, was densely crowded. The meeting was called to order by J. J. Gahan, who said that the executive committee of the Anti-poverty society had designated Mr. J. H. Shriver as the chairman. Mr. Shriver directed the assemblage briefly. The Concordia chorus of young ladies entered the hall amid deafening cheers, and led by Miss Munier sang the hymn, "Come, Oh Come, in Joyous Lays." The chairman then introduced Rev. Charles P. McCarthy, who spoke for a few moments, when Dr. McGlynn entered the hall and was greeted with the usual prolonged demonstrations of affection and esteem. When Dr. McCarthy had concluded his remarks, Dr. McGlynn arose, and was again warmly greeted.

The opening of Dr. McGlynn's address was an eloquent description of the innate longing of the human heart for peace. In the most solemn part of the holy sacrifice of the mass the prayer addressed to the Savior is *dona nobis pacem*, "grant us peace." He then spoke of the necessity for men to understand the philosophy of life. Here is but the school house in which we are to learn lessons that shall fit us for our true home. It is the purpose of right reason, of natural religion, to so lift this mere clod of earth that he shall walk the earth with a dignity totally discriminated from all that is about him, conscious that he is the lord of creation, and that he owes a reverence to himself as the image of God, and is accountable for the reverence that he shall have made of his faculties, both of mind and sense and body, to the Master whose image he is, and by the faithful serving of whom alone he can hope to attain to the true end of his being. The peace that we are striving for is a peace that shall be full of activity, full of thought, full of knowledge, full of the enjoyment of highest beauty, and full of the exquisite thrill throughout eternity of satisfied love and affection. The lessons of right reason and of natural religion and of revealed religion are to teach men that honesty is the best policy, not from the mere selfish motives of earthly success, but that honesty is the best policy because it is only, everywhere and always, the best policy; for men to follow their highest nature with the assurance that then, and only then, can they enjoy that unspeakable reward, without which their natures must be eternally unsatisfied. Let every one have, in every faculty of soul and body, every being, man, woman and child, just what belongs to him or her, all of it, and then there shall be perfect peace. Then all shall be well. Then naught shall go ill.

The hearts that have tasted the sweet delight of loving humanity, of the divine ecstasies of humanity, can well afford to drink deeply of the bitter draughts of human obloquy and of persecution, and can go smiling up the steps of the scaffold, feeling that to die for the brethren is a great gain, that it is a sweet and blessed thing to die for justice, for truth, for the brethren. By the very persecutions that shall come to us from the misapprehension of the doctrine, from the excessive conservatism of ancient institutions, of vested wrong, from the very persecution shall come a blessing even as is said of the gospel of Christ by one of its earliest apologists, as early as the end of the second cen-

any of Christianity, the very blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.

An enthusiastic outburst of cheers and applause greeted Dr. McGlynn's closing words. Dr. Pentecost just then came upon the platform and shook hands cordially with the great priest. Then there were more applause, and three cheers were called for Dr. McGlynn and given with enthusiasm. He then left the hall to go to the Academy of Music, and as he retired the whole audience rose and cheered him, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and the men their hats until he had passed out of sight. The Concordia chorus came in and sang the hymn, "The dawn is breaking, the night is at hand." Three cheers were given for Mr. Pentecost before he began his address.

In the course of his address, Mr. Pentecost said: "I am bound to say that, after being pastor of a Christian church for fifteen years, it is the delight of my soul that at last I have struck something that is really religious. (Applause.) What I mean by that is this: That it is an abiding joy to get into a movement that is not so old that it has fallen into conventional lines and lost its first, fresh, bounding religious life. (Applause.) If you had been in the early church you would have seen very much such meetings as you see now, men full of the first inspiration of the Holy Ghost. One thing strikes me in this movement, namely, the rapidity with which it gets away from people—how difficult it is for some people to keep up with it. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, an estimable gentleman of this city, who says a great many bright and witty things about a year ago in a speech, if I remember rightly, said: 'The workmen of this country have a grievance. They don't know what it is, nobody else knows what it is, but undoubtedly it is a grievance.' Now, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew was about twenty-five years behind the times when he said that. Why, the workmen of this country had discovered that they had a grievance long before Mr. Depew seemed to have found it out. And then all the newspapers that I could get a hold of said: 'Now, workmen, here is a man that loves you. Here is a man, a rich man, who does not belong to the workmen's class, who belongs to the other class, who says that you have a grievance. Now, what a kind-hearted man that is!' (Laughter.) That was the tone of all the religious newspapers that came into my house, and of the daily newspapers, too. Now, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew the other day said something else. When making a speech at the dedication of the Press club monument, he said: 'Every workman in this country and every body of workmen in this country have a right to organize.' Was not that a wonderful thing to say? (Laughter.) They have been organized ever since I was a workman myself in a printing office twenty years ago, to my certain knowledge. (Applause.) And then all our Newark daily papers came out in an editorial and said: 'There, if every capitalist was as kind-hearted and as happily inclined toward the laboring people as Mr. Depew would just have an everlasting love feast in this world; and they said: 'Now, workmen, this is the case of a man to talk to. Just listen to what Mr. Depew says.' (Laughter.)

Just then Mr. George came in, and was greeted with loud applause and cheers. Mr. Pentecost, continuing, said: "I wanted to remind you how long it takes some men to catch up. But, dear friends, this movement has passed out of the stage when the toilers of this world recognize that they have a grievance. It has passed out of the stage when they have asked the privilege of anybody to organize. They are organized without asking anybody's privilege. And it has passed into another stage which some people do not seem to have found out. This movement is knocking at the door of the legislative assembly of this country and saying to the legislators within, 'Get out!' (immense applause and cheers), because we want to get in (laughter and applause) for the purpose of unmaking a lot of laws that you have been making, and of making others that will better suit us. (Cries of "That's it!") Now, the man that does not recognize the phase that this movement occupies to-day, is behind the times." (Cheers and applause.)

In Mr. George's address he said: "I congratulate you on this meeting of the Anti-poverty society. (Applause.) Life is worth living in days like these, when the noble cause gives an opportunity for steadfast and earnest work, and in this gentleman here tonight, the Rev. Mr. Pentecost, I greet a type of those Protestant ministers who in this crusade are going to stand by the side of such a priest as Dr. McGlynn (applause and cheers), defending the standard of a crusade that knows no divisions, and clasps all men in its equal embrace." (Applause.)

The meeting was then adjourned with three cheers.

Spreading the Light in Broome County.

NEW YORK, June 15.—On a recent visit to Union, Broome county, New York, I took with me some of your tracts and gave them around, and this caused many good people to think. One old gentleman was so impressed with some of the tracts that he wanted me to send him an assortment, and promised that they should be distributed all over the town. You see, I have that complaint spoken of by Rev. H. O. Pentecost when he said: "You may take him, if you please, and send him to the center of Africa, and he will collar a naked darkey and preach to him."

In Delhi, Delaware county, I have got a young man thinking, and will try and get him to distribute tracts. The farmers here have been frightened, evidently, by reports that they will lose their farms by confiscation—that is, some of the more ignorant ones—and others, that their taxes, already so heavy, will be increased, and so ruin them. After a time I will try to send in a regular contribution of money, be it ever so small.

CHRISTIAN F. GOEGLER.

Where a Texas Vast Public Domain?

LESLIE, Tex.—Recently the Texas government found itself in the category of those whose generosity oversteps the bounds of justice. It had given away more land than it possessed. With the grant of three million acres to the new capital contractors there were more grants outstanding than there was public domain to locate them on. What about our vast public domain now? The land is all here yet, and millions of acres unoccupied, and as we are Jeffersonian democrats, we have only to join the new crusade, and hasten the day when the living people's land shall be resumed by the people.

JOHN H. DE SNEED.

Land Values on the Harlem.

The following is a striking evidence of the increase in values of property in the northern part of the city. Over two hundred years ago Richard Morris bought from the Indians what is now, or was, the village of Morrisania, being a tract of 3,000 acres across the Harlem. Richard Morris' descendants came into possession of the property later on, and in 1868 Governor Morris sold 122 acres to three brothers named Bathgate, after whom the avenue named for \$15,000. On brothers neglected paying their taxes and thereby owed the city about \$50,000. Last week, by order of the court, fifty lots of this land were sold under the hammer and brought \$126,300. This is a single instance of the enhancement in value of uptown property.

THE "ISOLATED" PRIEST.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP SOUNDS A BUGLE BLAST OF DEFIANCE TO ROME.

The Great Parade and Demonstration in Support of Dr. McGlynn—"Don't, Don't, Don't Go to Rome"—Loyal Catholics, but True Americans—American Flags by Hundreds—A Triumphant Assertion of a Great Principle.

In numbers, the demonstration of last Saturday night must be classed among the largest that New York has ever seen. In its composition, it was unlike all others, for, having received the approval of the New York labor organizations of every form, it was participated in by them, as well as by the new party's assembly district organizations, large bodies of men and women marching as Catholics, and that instrument of social agitation the Anti-poverty society.

The number of persons in the procession was given by the Sunday morning papers as follows: *World*, "some 7,500;" *Times*, "not more than 10,000;" *Sun*, 12,000; *Tribune*, "over 30,000," with a reference to its candor in stating the figures; *Star*, "50,000 men and 1,500 women;" *Journal*, 50,000. The *Herald's* news columns put the number passing in review in front of the Union square cottage as "about 15,000," but admitted that at least as many more had fallen out of the line before it reached the square. From a *Herald* editorial of the same issue the reader could infer that the writer estimated the number parading as follows: A fair notion of the proportions of the parade. Whatever the actual numbers, the actual numbers were such as to set Dr. McGlynn's friends rejoicing. Judged by all its features, as witnessed from early evening until long past midnight—from the moment when the Anti-poverty society created a sensation in moving from Irving hall to its station in Thirteenth street to the last thrilling scene when Dr. McGlynn invoked a blessing on the multitude on the plaza before they dispersed—the occasion was a magnificent success.

The vicinity of Union square was alive early in the evening with people on their way to secure points of vantage for reviewing the parade, but many organizations were late in arriving at the stations on the cross streets, whence they were to march into line. When, however, they did come they arrived from many directions at the same time, the music of a score of bands being heard at once by the crowds on Broadway. The Anti-poverty society was among the first to reach Broadway, where it created the liveliest interest and occasioned many remarks as to the incongruity of people of so prosperous an appearance arraying themselves against the miseries of poverty. St. Stephen's parishioners, a great mass on foot for reviewing the parade, were soon seen approaching, and a while later the bodies moving in from every direction were bewildering to the observer.

The van of the two columns that were, according to the programme, to move east and west at Astor place and Waverley place, moved down Broadway at forty-five minutes past 7, the full width of the street being taken up, and the movement having an imposing effect. By a misunderstanding, however, several organizations on the side streets did not fall into the places which had been assigned them in the lines, and the contemplated parting into two grand divisions was but imperfectly performed. The Anti-poverty society, moving off to the east at Astor place, was followed by the next body only at a long distance, and a while later another gap occurred in the same line. A halt of the head of the procession was made at Twenty-third street, however, until the column was intact, and thenceforward the marching was in fine order. The division going to the west through Waverley place started in close order, and maintained an almost unbroken line throughout the evening.

The route of the division starting up the east side of the city after leaving Broadway, last night, was as follows: to Suyvesant street, to Second avenue, to Twenty-third street, to First avenue, to Thirty-ninth street, to Fifth avenue, to Seventeenth street, to Sixth avenue (Fifth being torn up for several blocks to be repaved), to Twelfth street, to Fifth avenue, to Waverley place, to Broadway. The division moving west from Broadway at Waverley place went through the same streets in the reverse of the order followed by the other division, excepting that it crossed town eastward through Thirty-eighth street. The length of the route was nearly seven miles.

As the east side division moved up Second avenue it was greeted with a great deal of cheering, and at a number of the residences there was a display of fireworks. In First avenue there was a general illumination, and the cheering became continuous. People on house-tops set off Roman candles, rockets were sent up from the street, and women on balconies and fire escapes burned pots of colored fire. This was in St. Stephen's parish. The crowd, large at all points, was dense on both sides the way between Twenty-third street and Second avenue and Thirty-ninth street and Fourth avenue, and every manifestation possible was given by the people that they regarded the occasion as one that they could respond heart and soul. Dr. McGlynn's name was shouted by hundreds at a time, and hardly had the last of three cheers given for him been heard, when again a repetition would be called for. In the ranks of the Anti-poverty society the marching step of "Don't, don't, don't go to Rome" was started. Soon after, at Third avenue and Thirty-eighth street, St. Stephen's parishioners, leading the division coming up the west side, were seen crossing town eastward a block above, and they were soon responding, "He won't, he won't, he won't go to Rome!" The two columns, passing each other, cheered and shouted incessantly, the enthusiasm apparently increasing at every block until the lines had moved away from each other. The splendor of the scene, as beheld on Murray hill in Fifth avenue, looking down town, was probably never excelled in the city, one column coming up the avenue and the other going down, the two filling the street from curb to curb, the thousands of lanterns and torches lighting up the somber brown stone houses, and the many colored banners waving grandly to the music of scores of bands. Those in the procession were somewhat surprised at the vigor of the cheering at some points on the avenue further down.

The people who had been standing on the sidewalks on Broadway, as well as on Second avenue and Fifth avenue, when the divisions started on their routes, did not seem to understand the scheme of the parade, the crowds falling off considerably while the processions were passing each other uptown. When the columns made their appearance on their way down, however, toward the finish of the routes, thousands again lined the sidewalks. On Broadway, when the Anti-poverty society and St. Stephen's parishioners marched up to pass in review at Union square, the street was again black with people. At 8 o'clock in the evening there was al-

ready a great crowd on the plaza in Union square. At 9 the mass of people there was so dense and its extent was so great that thousands then arriving either went home or passed on to places where they might see the procession on its way to the square. The people packed in the great crowd on the plaza waited patiently, and for an hour or more quietly for the most part. Once in a while they gave vent to applause on the appearance of a familiar face under the lights at the cottage platform. When Dr. McGlynn was seen coming out toward the platform railing at 9:45, he was received with long-continued cheering and applause, the vast host of people not seeming to tire of displaying their enthusiasm.

Between 9 and 10 o'clock brief addresses were made by Dr. Coughlin, chairman of the committee of arrangements, James E. Quinn, Michael Clarke and Colonel Timothy Lee of Washington.

James J. Gahan then read the following resolutions, which were received with every manifestation of approval, Archbishop Corrigan's name being greeted with groans and hisses:

Whereas, The Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn was censured in 1882 by Cardinal Simeoni, prefect of the Propaganda in Rome, for his speeches in aid of the Irish land league, and his suspension was ordered by the pope for asserting the doctrine of common rights to the bounties of nature as taught in the best political and social theories of the Catholic Christian church, and which has never been condemned by the church; and

Whereas, In 1883 Dr. McGlynn was by the same Cardinal Simeoni censured for a speech in behalf of the famished people of Ireland, because it was alleged to be in favor of the "Irish revolution," and was forbidden to make similar speeches; and

Whereas, It appears from a published statement of Archbishop Corrigan that he forbade Dr. McGlynn to make a promised speech for a movement to purify our politics, or to take part in any future political meeting without permission of the Roman Propaganda; and that Dr. McGlynn was next day temporarily suspended for keeping his engagement; and

Whereas, Dr. McGlynn was again suspended because he taught, and the suspension was maintained because he did not retract, the doctrine of the land for the people; and

Whereas, Dr. McGlynn, in becoming a priest he did not evade the duties nor surrender the rights of a man and a citizen, and has denied the right of bishop, propaganda or pope to censure him for his action in American politics, or for his opinion in political economy, unless they could show those opinions to be contrary to the Christian religion; and has further denied their right to summon him to Rome, to which he has not appealed; and has declared that his obligation as a citizen is to the people, in matters of religious teaching and ministrations in the place to which he belongs; and

Whereas, Dr. McGlynn was suspended from his priestly functions without a hearing, for teaching, in the interest of American workmen, that the land should be for the people, and was, after his suspension, ordered by telegrams from the Propaganda (one of them in the name of the pope) to condemn in writing a doctrine which, confessedly, they had never examined, and to go to Rome forthwith; and

Whereas, We are informed that another summons has been sent to Dr. McGlynn, ordering him to go to Rome within a brief fixed period, with the threatened penalty of excommunication if he shall fail to do so; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, citizens of New York and neighboring cities, of every condition in life, but chiefly working people, and of different religious denominations, but a large proportion of us Catholics, do hereby declare, in the name of the pope, that the doctrine of the land for the people, and that love of justice, which should characterize especially the ministers of religion, and which, as exemplified in the person of Dr. McGlynn, would win all men to a greater love of religion and bring about what has fondly been supposed to be the ideal of a Christian society embracing the whole world.

Resolved, That we proclaim our unalterable adherence to the great truth that the land belongs to the whole people, and that the failure to tax land to its rental value is the fruitful source of poverty and of the vice and crime which result from it.

Resolved, That we reiterate our firm determination to resist, by every lawful means, such changes in the constitutions and laws of our country as shall secure to the people their equal, God-given rights in the soil.

Resolved, That we firmly protest against interference in American politics by any foreign power, and that we denounce with especial indignation the arbitrary, unjust and tyrannical attempt to interfere with the civil rights of the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, to whom, with one heart and with united voice, we pledge our devoted and unwavering support.

It was 10:15 o'clock when the music of the approaching procession was heard down Broadway, and soon after the two columns were marching by the stand. St. Stephen's and the Anti-poverty society were hailed with tumultuous applause, and thenceforward until a few minutes past twelve, when the last flag was carried by, the noise of the cheering and hand clapping rose and fell on the air like the roar of waves against the ocean beach. As seen from the cottage, the pageant was unique. The Anti-poverty society and St. Stephen's carried half a dozen great white silk banners lettered in gold, while smaller ones, bearing the name of Dr. McGlynn, were borne in every rank. Never perhaps was there a larger number of carriages seen in a night parade in New York, a line passing by simultaneously with the pedestrians almost continuously. Hundreds of American flags were waved by women and children in the carriages. Indeed, an inspiring feature of the entire procession was the display of innumerable American flags of every size. One was stretched out, and borne aloft on a great frame, which was carried by a squad of men, and on it was painted the legend: "Spirit of '76—Independence Revived." The banners of the larger American flags that inevitably appeared side by side with the society banners, waved them from to and fro as they passed the stand, while shouts went up signifying that this was the flag of a country in which there were no subjects to any other. When Miss Murrie's choir went by in half a dozen park carriages, the young ladies waving the Stars and Stripes and banners, there was tremendous cheering. The labor unions carried banners of many colors, some of them great spreads of silk borne by four or six men. The multitude in the ranks pushed by in close order and with but few breaks, the formation having been in files of eight. Some kept up the cry: "Don't, don't, don't go to Rome!" The double line moving along seemed interminable. The brilliancy of the scene and the spirit of enthusiasm shown alike by the enormous body of spectators and the people in the procession made the spectacle one never to be forgotten.

The inscriptions on the transparencies were mostly applicable to the occasion. A few were as follows:

The Vatican Criminal Should Be Tried Before Execution: Our Beloved Priest Was Condemned Without a Trial.

What, Isolated? Not Much!

Our Purses Will Be Opened When Our Pastor Is Restored.

As Much Religion as You Please from Rome, But No Politics.

Loyal Catholics, We Are True Americans.

God Bless Our Beloved Dr. McGlynn.

Let Father McGlynn Be Restored to St. Stephen's, Then He Will Go to Rome.

The Anti-poverty society:

The Cross of the New Crusade. The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

The trades sections:

No Politicians Wanted.

The Land of Every Country Belongs to the People of That Country.

Simeonism Must Go.

Give Us Back the Soggyard Aroon.

Employees, Not Servants.

The Laborer is Worthy of His Hire.

Dr. McGlynn, the Teacher of God's Truth.

No Foreign Interference.

No Politics from Rome.

Dr. McGlynn, We Will Stand by You Forever.

We Are Coming, Father Edward, 100,000 More.

All Honor to Our Patriotic Priest.

"The Earth Is the Common Property of All Men."

—Bishop Gregory the Great.

"Land is Rightfully the Property of All the Poor."

—Dr. McGlynn.

"No Individual or Class of Individuals can Rightfully Possess the Private Ownership of the Land of a Country."

—Bishop Noyes.

"Free Land is Swelling High Above the Plutocrats' Dio."

And Tammany can Never Crush Our People's Dio.

The above rhyme was on ten transparencies.

The Land Gods Must Go.

No Foreign Hand Must Dare Touch the People of Our Nation.

"The Land of a Nation Belongs to the People of That Nation."

—Archbishop Crooke.

The assembly district organizations:

No More Tammany Dictation.

Watch Us This Fall. "Ah, There!"

Booze Politicians Must Go.

Hail to the Priest of the People.

Down with Foreign Interference.

Through Thick and Thin for Dr. McGlynn and the Cross of the New Crusade.

Religion, Not Politics, from Rome.

The Evening Sun chapel:

In Union There's Strength.

THE STANDARD chapel:

God Made the Land for the People.

When the procession had passed the cottage Mr. Archibald read the following from Judge James G. Maguire of San Francisco, the crowd paying close attention. Mr. Archibald speaking in a clear and powerful voice:

SOMONA MOUNTAINS, June 7, 1887.

John McLaughlin, Esq.—My Dear Sir: Your telegram was forwarded to my temporary retreat in the mountains on the 5th last.

I regret exceedingly that important engagements in California render it impossible for me to pay you a visit, and to be with you at the Union square mass meeting on the 18th.

Though unable to be with you in person, I unite with all my heart in your "protest against Roman interference in American politics."

Our government was, at its foundation, dedicated to the principles of civil and religious liberty—to political equality and fraternity among men of all religious denominations.

The fathers of this republic, believing that God's truth needed neither bayonets nor political prestige to sustain it, and that, in the arena of free discussion, it would find its own way to the hearts of the people, were created for its reception, gave to all religious teachers the very freedom for which the saints and martyrs of the early Catholic church were persecuted. To maintain this freedom of conscience, of thought and of word, the lives, the fortunes and the sacred honor of all true Americans are irrevocably pledged, and no church or man can have the pride of self to defend its interference in our political affairs.

But the founders of our religious liberty required a corresponding assurance from citizens of all religions, namely, that, in political matters, all citizens should give their undivided allegiance to the government of the United States.

They required, and our federal constitution still requires, every applicant for citizenship to make oath that he does "absolutely and forever renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, state and sovereignty."

Of course the moment that any pope or cardinal claims political allegiance from, or claims dominion over, the political thoughts or words or acts of citizen men, he becomes, and is, within the meaning of our oath of allegiance, a foreign potentate, and no man can honorably acknowledge either of such claims without first entirely renouncing his American citizenship. It is need-

less to discuss the effect of yielding either active or passive obedience in political matters to the propaganda or to the pope after taking this oath.

The oath and the act stamp the double-faced citizen as a perjurer and traitor, unworthy of the confidence or respect of his fellow men.

This consideration alone should be an all-sufficient answer to the unwarrantable claim of the present college of cardinals, nearly all of whom are natives and citizens of Italy, that they have a right to prevent American Catholics from assisting in the organization and campaigns of the land and labor party for the sake of the papacy, with full knowledge of their position and obligations, these heads of the church seem deter-

mined to exercise a temporal authority over the political thoughts and actions and votes of American Catholics by using, or at least threatening to use, their spiritual power of excommunication to enforce their unauthorized political mandates.

They seem to forget that this spiritual authority cannot be used, like a dynamite bomb, for the enforcement of political opinions, or for the destruction of political or personal enemies; that it is a sacred trust which can be used only to enforce compliance with the articles of faith and dogmas of the church, which have been formally and regularly declared to be essential truths.

The incidental temporal authority claimed by the propaganda is no part of the Catholic religion, which is concerned solely with spiritual matters; with preaching and teaching the gospel of Jesus Christ, who said: "My kingdom is not of this world."

No temporal authority was claimed by the apostles or by the early fathers of the church, and it was not heard of until many centuries after the foundation of the church, when it grew up by the construction of political or of the sovereigns of Catholic countries, not in recognition of any temporal right, but solely for the greater security of the sovereigns themselves.

Have any of these purposes ever been required by the church, but an injurious encroachment upon the religion.

The church lived and flourished and performed its mission with less division of purpose and action before the assumption of political powers by its popes and cardinals than it did afterward, and a restoration to its primitive functions would vastly increase its numerical strength and extend its moral influence.

We may be told, however, that Catholic members of the land and labor party are not to be punished for refusing to violate the oath of allegiance, but for advocating a doctrine concerning land and taxation which has been condemned by the Catholic church as heretical.

Let us see. If there be heresy in our land theory, it must be because some of its elements or principles have been expressly condemned by the church as heretical.

Our party advocates:

1. The abolition of poll taxes.

2. The exemption of all kinds of personal property from taxation.

3. The taking ultimately of the entire rental value of land by taxation for public purposes.

Have any of these purposes ever been condemned by the regular authorities of the church speaking *ex cathedra*?

They not only have not been, but in the very nature of things they cannot be.

Imagine a Vatican decree to this effect: "Whosoever shall advocate the abolition of poll taxes, let him be anathema. Let him be excluded from the church while living, and when he dies be deprived of Christian burial." Imagine one to this effect: "Whosoever shall advocate the exemption of personal property from taxation, let him be anathema," etc.

Under this latter decree, if it be found, three-fourths of the Catholics in California would be excommunicated, for they have already been noted for a constitution under which growing crops are specifically exempt from taxation. What horrible heresy!

The taxation of land to its full rental value would take away from private landlords and speculators the margin which now induces them to monopolize the God-given natural resources of our country, and would keep these resources at all times open to the use of all our citizens upon exactly equal terms, and the people have not only the power but the right so to do legally and morally right to redistribute the land in this way.

The supreme court of the United States has declared that the people of each state have reserved the right to take lands and owners, by taxation, at any time, the entire rental value of all private lands, and that this reservation is to be regarded as a covenant incorporated by operation of law in every deed passing to or between private individuals.

Can it possibly be heretical to advocate the enforcement of that covenant?

Imagine a Vatican decree to this effect: "Whosoever shall advocate the taking of the rental value of land by taxation for public purposes, let him be anathema." etc.

Now, as I have said, if there be heresy in our land theories it must be because of the existence of one of the supposed decrees which I have just mentioned, for they cover every element of our platform on the land question, and every element of what is known as Henry George's land theory.

Xet, if any such decree were found it would be so manifestly absurd that Cardinal Simeoni and Archbishop Corrigan would be among the first to discredit its genuineness.

There is, therefore, no question of Catholic doctrine involved in our present controversy.

The question is simply this: Are American Catholics under any obligation to obey the pope and propaganda in matters of purely political concern? In other words: Are American Catholics the political chattels of the pope?

On behalf of our entire republic, let Union square, answering, send to the Vatican, in thunder tones, an indignant and final—No, NEVER!

Wishing you success, I remain, very truly yours,

JAMES G. MAGUIRE.

James P. Archibald next read a letter from Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, as follows:

Dr. Jeremiah Coughlin, Chairman: I greatly regret my inability to be present at the McGlynn demonstration to-night; but I am heart and soul in the cause, and shall not fail to be with you to-morrow.

HUGH O. PENTECOST.

In response to a general shout for Dr. McGlynn, the distinguished clergyman stepped forward and said:

My Dear Friends—When I first heard of your intention to make this magnificent demonstration it seemed to me to be an improper thing for me to be here. Not that I disapproved of its object, but because I felt a certain degree of bashfulness and diffidence to appear at a gathering which seemed to be in honor of me. But when I learned that my absence would give pain to many thousands of dear friends, I sacrificed my personal feelings and came here. I thank you from the very bottom of my heart for this very extraordinary and unprecedented manifestation of honor and affection. It is more than a personal gratification I feel for this great procession of a course of four miles. These 30,000 or 40,000 people crowded in this square all bear testimony for the great principle of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. You have asserted in thunder tones, and on your banners, and by the notes of your music that God has given the land in usufruct to men, and that they are robbers and knaves who teach otherwise.

But your demonstration has more particularly for its object the endorsement of another great principle: The church shall not intrude upon the domain of the state any more than the state shall intrude upon the domain of the church. This you have asserted by your parade and by your resolutions. You are not here as the enemies, but as the best friends of sweet religion. They are the worst friends of the church as well as of the state who will tell the teachers of religion that they must not enter into a domain that does not belong to them.

It is because those who sit in high places in the state and church have too often ignored and despised this principle that the state has suffered so much disaster and the church so much corruption.

We are here to purify politics and religion. The falling off of many men from religion has been because they have found themselves confronted with the alternative of abandoning patriotism, scientific research and rational inquiry on the one hand, or religion on the other. Cruel alternative! The heart of man everywhere hungers for religion, and he is most terrible to man who places before him this alternative.

We, if we had our way, would bring back man to God. We would do the best we could

THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

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A WORD TO SOUTH CAROLINA.

It is not many years since the society saviors in certain quarters of the south entered upon a murderous raid against the blacks for the purpose of reducing them to political subjection. They were so successful that even to this day the colored race, which is largely in the majority in the state of South Carolina, is completely dominated there by the active and vigilant society saviors of the white race. And now a new enterprise, also murderous in character, appears to have been inaugurated in some parts of the south for the purpose of reducing the blacks, who constitute the great body of workers there, to a state of industrial subjection. The old spirit of chattel slavery is revived in a new form, but with all its inhuman concomitants.

Some weeks ago a man named Hoover was shot in Georgia by a mob. The information we get through the press respecting this murder is very meager. Details of society saving anarchy are not gathered by news distributors with the avidity that characterizes those enterprising individuals when some one in a workingman's mass meeting, which has been lawlessly dispersed by the police, kills one of the lawless policemen. But the best inference that can be drawn from the Associated press dispatches is that Hoover was an organizer of the Knights of Labor engaged in discussing labor questions before an audience of workingmen, which was, naturally enough in Georgia, largely composed of negroes. For this offense against society he was summarily murdered by saviors of society.

And now we learn that the governor of South Carolina is organizing troops to break up assemblies of the Knights of Labor in that state. The pretense is that these assemblies are arming themselves to murder white men and ravish white women. That pretense is well understood. It is as absurd as it is stale. It is the manufactured excuse for murdering black men. The true inwardness of this malicious intimidation of the negroes under legal forms leaks out in one of the dispatches in a statement to the effect that when the white men have been killed and the white women ravished by the colored Knights of Labor, the colored knights intend to take possession of the land that belongs to their intended victims. This throws a flood of light on the situation in South Carolina. The fact is, evidently, that the black Knights of Labor are learning, like their white brothers at the north, that the land belongs to all the people—to the worker as well as to the idler, to the black as well as to the white. That they propose to recover their natural right to the land on which they were born and out of which they must live in the same peaceable manner that is proposed by the Knights of Labor everywhere, is clear enough; but they must be accused of contemplated violence as an excuse for using violence against them. Gentlemen of South Carolina—you of the lily hand and azure blood—your tricks are understood by the workingmen of the north and east and west, and if you persist in them—if you persist in this outrageous popular government—you will soon hear with an emphasis that you cannot mistake, from the mudsills whom you despise but a little less than the blacks only on account of the color of their skin.

Your past outrages on the colored race were denounced by the republican party from partisan motives alone. That party cared no more for the southern negro, except as an election perquisite, than it cared for the northern mechanic. It might raise the negro outrage cry now if by doing so it could get the negro vote or strengthen its voting power in the north. But hopeless of such a result it is silent, and it will remain silent about these outrages upon the workingmen of the south. There is a power here, however, that South Carolina society saviors will hear from, and that speedily, if it once comes to be fully understood that free speech and political or industrial organization and agitation are to be prohibited in South Carolina. That power is the spirit of true democracy that now animates the workers of all sections.

A LETTER in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat describes Baltimore's ground rent system. To those who favor a single tax on ground rents it gives some valuable hints.

In Baltimore, forty thousand houses stand on ground the use of which is rented by the owners of the buildings. Up to

three years ago lots were deeded subject to a perpetual ground rent. A law was then passed by the legislature restricting leases made thereafter to fifteen years, with one renewal. Ground rents, of course, are salable. Recently at an auction a rent of \$30 a year brought \$640, one of \$12 brought \$400, and one of \$40.25 brought \$880. Of the transactions in a week at the real estate exchange, not more than one in three were in fee simple, the rest being of ground rents or of houses subject to ground rents.

The typical real estate transaction in Baltimore is as follows: The owner of a house and lot sells the house outright, but his valuation of the lot is put at six per cent interest, which the buyer pays annually. In addition, the buyer pays taxes and insurance and makes the repairs.

While paying a high interest on the original valuation of a lot, the buyer is not afterward called upon to pay more. The owner of a building standing on a lot subject to irredeemable ground rent, himself takes the increase in value above the ground rent.

Real estate is cheaper relatively in Baltimore than anywhere else in the United States. Land values generally have been kept down through the supply of new houses erected by capitalists and sold subject to ground rents. Baltimore houses are sold every day in the year for less than the cost of building them. A man puts up a row of houses at \$1,200 apiece on ground that cost him \$1,000 a lot. He sells each house at \$200 less than it cost him, but replaces his loss by taking \$90 a year ground rent.

The Baltimore system conclusively proves that the possession of land merely, and not absolute ownership, is enough to insure even the building of a great city upon it. It shows also how easily the dog-in-the-manger policy is dropped by real estate speculators if another plan pays better.

While vacant land is withheld for a rise in cities generally, in Baltimore the speculative element is bent on using land in order to acquire gilt-edged ground rents. The thousands of vacant lots in all parts of Chicago and the thousands of cheaply constructed houses in Baltimore's compact built streets teach the same lesson—that men will quickly find the most direct way to gain wealth. A premium on a scarcity of land makes a show of vacant lots; a premium on the products of labor results in an abundance of them.

In the past few weeks the news purveyors have done some things worth noting and remembering. The letter of the pope to Archbishop Corrigan was printed by so many of our old party exchanges that the inference is warranted that it was supplied to every journal of the country receiving Associated press service. The lecture of Edward Atkinson, delivered before the Central labor lyceum of Boston, in which his figures pleased the classes, was evidently extended a similar welcome by those who must guess what news will not be blue-penciled to a skeleton by the editors. A few days after the O'Brien incident telegrams were printed even in the smaller daily papers of the far west describing an impossible meeting of "delegates from each of the assembly districts of New York representing the union labor party," at which "resolutions were passed commending Mr. O'Brien and denouncing the doctrine of George and the socialistic organizations." A meeting of the obscure Fifth ward branch of the land league, which was addressed by "ex-Senator" Grady, in denunciation of Mr. McMackin, also received wide advertising. The Evening Telegram, on the Tuesday after the O'Brien affair, printed over a sensational lead article referring to it a three-inch heading in large display type, evidently arranged with malice prepense to deceive the careless reader. "O'Brien is Right!" filled the top line; "So the Labor Leaders are Beginning to Think" followed, with line upon line more of the same tenor. There was not a word in the body of the article to substantiate the heading; on the contrary, the one fact reported from a labor source contradicted it. The Herald of the next morning printed a column of what it called "Loud Praise for O'Brien from the Press of the Country"—extracts from the editorials of papers uniformly inimical to the united labor party. Hardly more than bare mention, couched in dull, type-worn terms, was made by the New York land monopoly press of Rev. Mr. Pentecost's remarkable address at the Academy of Music. The magnificent flights of oratory which delighted the audiences who listen to Dr. McGlynn at the Academy would be lost to the world were they not recorded elsewhere than in the daily papers. When, however, a passing allusion was made by that fascinating speaker to the state of affairs in Russia, a distorted report of his words quickly found its way to the breakfast tables of the soft-handed caste. The Associated press sent out a dispatch over the country on last Saturday night saying that "not more than 6,000 persons were in line" in the great parade. The editor of the San Francisco Argonaut is telling his readers that Dr. McGlynn has not eloquence, nor learning, nor any characteristic out of the common, and that he has been raised to prominence for no other reason than his collision with an archbishop. The agitation of the Anti-poverty society is not passed over in utter silence by the out-of-town press, but the significance of its overflowing meetings, of its enthusiasm, of the multitude of converts to its principles, and of the commotion it is creating in every circle in the city, is sunk in a vain attempt to scoff at it. The discussion of the land for the people by the pro-poverty press is in terms meant to alarm and bewilder the unthink-

ing—"the confiscation of property," "land communism," "robbing the farmer of his land" and "taxing his home away from the workingman." The demagogues who have thrust themselves into prominence as the apologists of monopolies are differentially spoken of as the defenders of the rights of property; the men who are battling for the rights of the people are rewarded by seeing their names continually coupled with the few extremists who cry for a revolution of blood.

Is this an enlightened age? Are men today mentally free? Are not the apathetic majority in America knit to prejudice and inaction by invisible chains of bondage forged by masters who rule even their thoughts? If the citizens of our republic would answer such questions aright, let them but contemplate the conditions outlined in the facts here presented.

The police arrangements at labor parades pass all understanding. At the McGlynn parade on the 18th there were very few policemen at points where they would have been useful to prevent confusion between the procession and the cars, but at points where none were needed they were present in large numbers. For example, though a long line of policemen was posted at the Union league club corner, they were as scarce as huckleberries in February all along First avenue.

Upon learning from the daily papers that the beer habit is an essential characteristic of anarchists, and from the same source that the people of New York are every Sunday engaged in a wild rush for beer, the man up a tree might well suppose that every New Yorker is an anarchist.

The Leader on Saturday last came out with a greatly improved typographical appearance, and at the reduced price of one cent. It has purchased an improved perfecting Hoe press, and the only obstacle to its attaining the largest circulation of any evening paper in New York is now removed. We wish the Leader every success. It has been very useful in the past, and will have in the future even greater opportunities of usefulness open to it.

A Debate on the Tariff.

Mr. F. A. Herwig came from Philadelphia last Tuesday, and Mr. John Jarrett from Pittsburg, to try conclusions on the relation of a protective tariff to wages. The audience was a small one. Hardly any of those present seemed to be protectionists, but the few who manifestly were, did nobly in the applause.

Mr. Herwig opened the debate by declaring himself a workingman who had been converted to free trade by trying to prove to himself the benefit of protection. He claimed that it is impossible to protect labor, and that the laborer gets only injury from the tariff; showed how the average percentage of labor's share in protected goods is only eighteen per cent of the price, while the average duty is seventy-eight per cent; alluded to the helpless condition as to making gun steel after twenty-five years of protection. In spite of this we have now neither plant nor skilled labor for this work, and have to pay the Bethlehem company a million and a half dollars bonus to induce them to import labor and build a plant. If a co-operative society were to ask for such assistance it would be called communistic. Mr. Herwig spoke feelingly of the wretched condition of Pennsylvania coal miners, and wound up with an eloquent appeal for a single direct tax.

Mr. Jarrett thought that our workingmen suffer because we still import too many goods, and that we ought to have yet higher duties. He declared absolute free trade to be impossible, and asserted that no one wanted such a thing. His address was devoted largely to a presentation of figures, relating chiefly to the comparative wages in puddling iron here and in England.

Fifteen minutes was given to each side for rejoinder, Mr. Herwig taking his share to advocate the independence of American workingmen, who, if set free, he thinks can take care of themselves; and Mr. Jarrett taking issue with this proposition, and with the additional one that protection tends to create millionaires and paupers.

Is American Citizenship Threatened?

PHILADELPHIA, June 14.—I notice that the New York Herald editorially says that the "Dr. McGlynn" episode is a rebellion against Rome and that the issue to be decided is whether the pope is or is not the head of the church.

Is the citizenship of a man lost upon his becoming a Catholic priest? If so the Catholic church is an alarming menace to American institutions. If a priest's citizenship is admitted, but it is pronounced contrary to the doctrine or policy of the Catholic church for him to take an active part in politics, why have not Archbishop Corrigan and the larger part of the Catholic priests of America and of Ireland been summoned to Rome long since to answer for their gross violations of their doctrine or policy? W. R. P.

From the Antipodes.

WAGGA WAGGA, New South Wales, April 15.—I have sold many copies of "Progress and Poverty" and "Social Problems." The seed is sown, and nowhere have you more ardent disciples than in Australia. Of course, the scope for your exertions is greater where you are, but there is no English-speaking country where your teachings are more wanted or where they would have more effect in proportion to population than in Australia. Our land is being slowly rolled into estates of 50,000 to 300,000 acres, out of which enormous fortunes are being made yearly, while the value of the land is increasing by leaps and bounds. M. HUNTER.

Two Kinds of Intelligence.

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., June 15.—In your issue of last Saturday, J. E. M. writes: "A few weeks ago I was called to southern California, and there it was again—a 'boom'—real estate rising in value enormously. I met a friend, who was an intelligent man, an excellent artisan, a faithful, frugal and efficient worker, who was leaving the district because he could not get fairly remunerative wages for his labor, and was trying to reach an out-of-the-way part of the state."

This man's intelligence must be of a different order from that of a friend of mine who has gone to southern California for the very same reason that J. E. M.'s friend was leaving it, i. e., to make money. But how different are their methods. No "faithful," "efficient"

work for my "intelligent" friend! He has brought land at \$17 a foot, within a few weeks has refused \$40 for it, and was, at last accounts, thinking of selling at \$53.

My friend says I am a woman and know nothing of affairs, and therefore cannot see how "ridiculous" are your land theories. I admit that I am a woman and know but little of affairs, and I think that for those very reasons I can more clearly see the right and wrong in public questions, the warnings of conscience not being stifled by self-interest, and the eye of my mind not being blinded by the sophistries of the business code of morals. My friend, I fear, will continue to call the idea of a single tax on land values "ridiculous" until it forms the platform from which the presidential chair will step to the presidential chair. I am trusting to the same mighty argument to convince another friend who is troubled because you are "a rhetorician and not a thinker."

Another Clergyman Speaks Out.

From a Sermon by Rev. W. E. Lincoln, Painesville, O. We in America, overlooking most manifest tendencies, seem to imagine that the condition of the degraded labor of Europe cannot be reached in republican America. Yet in New England I have seen children from seven to eleven years old, male and female, worked eleven hours per day the whole year through, and if they dropped more than three threads they were lashed with a scourge of leather. In one large factory I found only three able to read and write. No schooling for these poor children; the harsh grasp of monopoly was crushing their minds and souls, leaving only a machine. The immorality of the older girls and boys brought up in such surroundings, may be imagined. All this in republican America, screaming itself hoarse over the glorious freeing of the black slaves by the grand old party.

Now, the cure for all this misery and woe lies in the observance of that natural law which gives to every man the fruits of his labor. The burden of taxation should not be imposed upon labor and capital, but should rest upon that which society as a whole has produced—the value or unearned increment of land. . . . You call us a set of common robbers. Now, dear friend, which of us is the robber, who take for your own use that which you have not earned—the value of land—or we, who insist that you shall surrender that to society which society has produced?

When we shall have taken all taxation of labor and capital and appropriated the rent of land for the common use, prostitution will well nigh cease. I speak from large knowledge gained from my brethren, city missionaries in the largest city of the world, and from my own experience as a city missionary. Crimes of violence will be almost unknown. Again I speak from experience, and drunkenness will to a very large extent cease.

How They Talk on the Pacific Coast.

San Francisco Argonaut.

Dr. McGlynn's offense is purely political. He entertains opinions concerning the tenure of taxation of land. He has the right to entertain them; they involve no question of faith, and the pope of Rome has no business to interfere with them or to suppress them. Within political lines in America the apostolic see has no possible right of meddling; the "sacred congregation of the propaganda," composed of Italian priests, has no right to dictate opinions upon any mere political or party question, and when the hierarchy of the papal church undertakes to put its spiritual authority into the political affairs of this country the Argonaut has the right to pull it. If all the popes—two hundred and sixty of them—from St. Peter the first year of Leo XIII in the year 1887, were consolidated into one great pope, and all their noses were cast into one great nose, and if the Argonaut was the humblest weekly journal in the world—which it is not—and had the smallest circulation—which it has not—and was edited by a man of smallest brain and least courage—which it is not—its editor would have the right to pull that great papal nose till it should sneeze in penitent contrition.

An Epoch-Making Brotherhood.

Reynolds' Weekly, London.

There has just been founded in New York "The Anti-poverty society," which, if we mistake not, is destined to be an epoch-making brotherhood. . . . In a word, the Anti-poverty society is creedless and prayerless, but it "vindicates the ways of God to man" by demonstrating that human misery is the result, not of nature's misgovernment, but of "man's inhumanity to man." . . . We hail with hope and warm satisfaction the movement over the destinies of which the "sorghum" aron is to preside. It supplies a platform on which good men of every religion and of none may cordially meet and devote themselves to the task of destroying monopoly, and thereby eradicating poverty. The problem is by extirpating the "classes" to enshrine the "masses." How is this to be done? Simply by giving every human being an equal interest in every monopoly of nature. The sites of towns, agricultural land, railways, mines, forests, lakes and rivers, and all that they contain, must cease to belong to the few, and be irrevocably vested in the all.

The Landlord Gets It All.

Brockwayville, Pa., Record.

It is a favorite platitude that good profits to employers mean good wages to employees. The Maumee rolling mill company of Toledo, O., estimates the difference in cost of producing iron with natural gas and coal as follows: Coal, \$5.25 per ton of iron produced; natural gas, \$1.00; saving, \$3.50 per ton. Yet if a puddler asks twenty-five cents advance on his wages out of this \$3.55 saved he is promptly refused. The profit is solely and exclusively for the men who own the land on which the natural gas is found, and for the manufacturer. If iron would go down in price, or wages go up, the consumer or the employer might share the benefit of natural gas; but as it is it seems God made the gas for a few rich companies, and as before, the poor can beg. Meanwhile somebody is getting rich \$3.55 per ton faster than before natural gas was discovered.

A Move in the Right Direction.

Wichita, Kan., Labor Press.

An Anti-poverty society was recently started in New York by Henry George, James Redpath and Dr. McGlynn, together with the most foremost reformers in the land. This labor movement is undoubtedly in the right direction. Poverty in a country like ours, teeming with the choicest gifts of nature is useless, and can be removed by justice and truth as the ruling power in our legislative bodies. It is also a crime against the people, by unscrupulous and false ideas regarding the making and distribution of wealth which results in criminal laws made by boodle statesmen.

Will Edward Atkinson Make a Spectrum Analysis of These Profits?

Bradstreet's.

The last annual report of the Elyton land company of Birmingham, Ala., shows that and companies well situated and conducted

are profitable. This company started fifteen years ago with a cash capital of \$100,000. The real estate sales during the past year have been \$4,866,955, four times those of any previous year in its history. During the year the company distributed free to its stockholders \$500,000 of water works stock, worth par, paid in cash dividends \$1,320,000, invested \$250,000 in permanent improvements, and set aside as reserved profits \$3,614,395.53, making a grand total of \$5,684,395.53 as the visible results of one year's work. It is estimated that the property of the company to-day is worth \$15,000,000.

Anti-Poverty in Philadelphia.

The second meeting of the Philadelphia Anti-poverty society was held on Sunday evening last, at McCaull's opera house. Mr. William Atkinson presided. The meeting was well attended, and the audience gave unmistakable evidences of intelligent approval.

Mr. Wingate, in opening, referred to an address which he had made before the convention of sanitary engineers recently held in Philadelphia. He felt it, he said, a much greater honor to address this audience. "This movement," he continued, "emanated from a great city and thrives in great cities. Great men generally come from small towns, but in this movement the leaders were from the cities. A movement so fortunate to have such well equipped leaders as Henry George and Father McGlynn was certain to amount to something. It seems as if the people were hungry to hear this new gospel."

Mr. Louis F. Post then addressed the meeting, illustrating his remarks with anecdotes, and receiving hearty outbursts of applause. He said that while in the procession in New York city on Saturday night, he saw thrown upon a canvass an inscription reading, "To abolish poverty—work," and he added, "If a man's work would abolish poverty there would be none in the United States to-day." "Work," he said, "is one thing to be used, but it alone would not abolish poverty."

Defining what he meant by poverty, he said it was harder to get a living now than it used to be. Men are more dependent upon their employers, "and the poverty which we would abolish by removing its cause includes not only relative poverty, but penury, want, and the crime which comes from it. We would like to get a condition of things when it would not be necessary to lock our doors when we go to sleep."

Speaking under the head of immigration and the proposition to stop it, he said: "We stop goods from coming to keep wages up, and we stop men from going to keep wages up while men are allowed to land and come in competition! There is something else besides work," he said, "to abolish poverty—there must be the material to work upon, and that material is the surface of the earth." This led on to a discussion of the land question, and in conclusion, Mr. Post answered a number of questions bearing upon the subject.

The Irish Press on the O'Brien Incident.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal of June 6 contains an account of the O'Brien episode. One "Mr. McMickan," it relates, "the president of one of the labor unions," insisted on presiding at the meeting. Mr. O'Brien objected, but the committee, "who were chiefly Englishmen," refused to give way, and Mr. O'Brien did not attend. The incident is said to have caused some excitement and Mr. O'Brien's firmness was applauded.

Commenting on the incident United Ireland remarks that "Father McGlynn's alliance would be somewhat dearly bought at the price of forfeiture of the sympathy of the supreme pontiff, and the sympathy, encouragement and assistance of our devoted priesthood and hierarchy here at home." Also that Mr. George's "eloquent vindication of the 'sacred right' of rack-renters and the glorious freedom of exercise of eviction, is his answer to the cry of the homeless Irish peasants for sympathy and assistance."

The Little Anti-Poverty Society of One.

LANSDOWN, Carbon Co., Pa.—Mayor Hewitt is a big gun—vice-president, I believe, or at least, one of the directors of our company, the Lehigh coal and navigation. He has abolished poverty in his own house by shifting some of it to this heaven-favored but man-cursed place. I don't believe that the sun shines on a spot of equal area that contains more wealth or more poverty. The largest vein of coal yet discovered is here, but we, the miners, don't get the benefit of it. It seems that the easier the coal can get the harder the men must work. With all our great inventions and labor-saving machinery more people are starving than when man had nothing but his finger nails. C. C. McHTUG.

The Doctrine Suits Him.

For many years I have been an unbeliever in orthodox Christianity, and I have been made so mainly by the inconsistency of my professed followers. But the doctrine of McGlynn and Pentecost suits me! If that is Christianity, I am a Christian! I am from Protestant stock, but I have long since ceased to be a sectarian, and rejoice to know that I have lived to see the time when a Catholic priest and a Protestant minister can both stand upon one platform and proclaim the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of mankind, pure and simple, with the incomprehensibles left out. T. B. JOHNSON.

Anti-Poverty in Texas.

MASON, Tex., June 9.—The enclosed \$3 are for our initiation into the Anti-poverty society. We wish to be taken into full fellowship with the apostles of land and labor reform. We propose afterward to organize a club in this place, and want a quantity of tracts for general distribution. A. A. CARY, LOUIS GRABNER, J. A. MOORE.

That's Right—Push the Good Work.

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y., June 15.—I am anxious to start an agitation in this town based on the principles of the united labor party. All persons who wish to co-operate in organizing a Henry George club should send me their names and addresses. W. T. CHADSEY, Dutch Hills P. O., Long Island City.

The Twenty-third Elects Delegates.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Twenty-third district association of the united labor party on Monday evening, Henry George, Joseph Hess and Frederick C. Leubuscher were elected delegates to the state convention to be held in Syracuse in August, and W. O. Eastlake, A. J. Steers and Jerome O'Neill were chosen as alternates.

Jersey City to Take a Hand.

E. T. Havens and Joseph Dana Miller of 88 Edgeworth avenue, Jersey City, N. J., have issued a call to all those who are "wholly or partially conversant with the new political economy," and who would like to organize a land and labor club, to send in their names. Active work will commence at once.

The Title Deed and the Strike.

Said a Musty Title Deed to an Incipient Strike, "It is wicked to deprive men of opportunities to work."

"Indeed," replied the Incipient Strike, "Then you should go out of business."

SOCIETY NOTES.

The dust lies thick about the doors of Fifth Avenue mansions, the sparrows make a play ground of the drains, the window sills, the piano is closed, the dining room silver locked up and Vanity Fair, with its pet pug, its band boxes, its mirrors, its high-heeled slippers, its fans and its tea tray has gone to grace fairer and cooler scenes.—(Morning Journal.)

Lord and Lady Stafford of England paid a visit to Castle garden the other day under the escort of Mayor Hewitt. Lady Stafford made a liberal present to a penniless Irish immigrant with five children.

An unusually large number of people have decided to spend the summer yachting. Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt are fitting their beautiful Alva for a long cruise to the Mediterranean, through the Suez canal, thence to the Indian ocean, and around to China and Japan, perhaps returning by way of the Pacific. The journey is a long one, but a gay party has been made up for it, and frequent stops will be made at interesting places. Mr. and Mrs. George Gould will cruise in their pretty yacht, the Hildegarde. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Watrous, nee Miss Livingston, are spending the honeymoon on their yacht, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Leubuscher will take several short journeys from Newport on their yacht.—(Morning Journal.)

William Chambers of Greenock, Scotland, was arrested for sleeping in a stairway. Having no defense, except that he had no work and no home, he was sentenced to five days' imprisonment and was warned not to do it again.

Mr. Albert Sully, the railway magnate, is not only rich, but generous. He gave his favorite niece a check for \$50,000 when she was graduated from school the other day. It was a genuine, happy commencement day for her.

The health officer and overseer of the poor of West Troy have been investigating the baby farms of that village. They found the children were barely alive, and in two cases the legs and arms of the infants were nearly eaten away.—(Rochester Union and Advertiser.)

Some few good Americans who have a throat for the pleasure of the shore resorts are returning from abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Orden Goebel, after dining at Marlborough house with the prince and princess of Wales, and their sister, Miss Belle Wilson, are now on the homeward journey. Miss Louise Ryder is already here, and it is said that Miss Winslow and Miss Belle Grant are to return next month. Miss Mai Blanchard-Thomson, Miss May Brady and Miss Morgan are still in London.

It is surprising how few complaints are made by most tenants. Many of them dare not speak for fear of exciting the wrath of their neighbors or the landlord. Too well they know that a complaint of bad smells or other evils means summary eviction. The number of expulsions of tenants in New York annually far exceeds that of Irish evictions. When the question is asked, "Where are the sickens here?" the constant answer is, even among the poor Italians, "No malade." Only with difficulty can one ascertain when deaths have occurred among neighbors, and a visitor may go through a tenement where the dead charnel house without suspecting that anything is wrong. Another notable thing is the apathy and apathy of the tenants. One often hears the remark, "Poor people must live poor," and they speak of the loss of their children or their relatives with a tone which is most pathetic.—(Morning Journal.)

A gambling house, consisting of two barges, is anchored on the flats of Weehawken. A tug boat with steam up is kept in readiness to tow the barges out of the jurisdiction of New Jersey in case of a raid.

A train on the Southern Pacific railway was successfully robbed of \$100,000 worth of jewelry of New York lost a gold watch, several diamonds, and \$75 in cash. Mr. Mayer of Cincinnati was relieved of \$35. R. L. Armstrong of New York gave up \$20. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s car was also plundered.

News comes from Newport of considerable poverty there. The summer season is not so fashionable as it was at one time, the cottagers considering it better to spend the morning under their own vine and fig tree, as it were, than to spend the day in the sun and sand. There is already talk of several private balls and a grand garden fete to be given in aid of a charity. Saratoga is regaining much of its old-time prestige, and a number of fashionable as well as noted people are booked to spend the summer there. Long Branch, Narragansett and Richfield have their old fairs again this year, and at Bar Harbor the season is already in full swing. Even poor, abused Coney Island is to have its fashionable residents at the Oriental this year.—(Morning Journal.)

In a single tenement house opposite St. John's park, New York, there were in 1886-7 ten cases measles, eight cases bronchitis, two cases whooping cough, two cases gastritis, one case tonsillitis, one case rheumatism.

It costs over several thousand dollars to run a four-in-hand coach for a season of six weeks.

The tract of land known as the Denton farm, recently added by Judge Hilton to his magnificent Woodlawn park, has already been "landscaped" with the judge's characteristic energy and taste. Roadways, greenery, little lake, miniature but lively waterfalls, stone bridges massive enough to have been built by Roman legions, attract the eye near at hand, while its wider sweep ranges from the Adirondacks to the Catskills. Judge Hilton park has caused several architectural circles which when his annual additions have been nearly as extensive as his original purchase.—(New York Herald.)

Out of sixty-six foundlings received into the Philadelphia hospital, thirty-five died during the first year. Most of the deaths were from marasmus, a few from starvation.

Several American duchesses are to be invited to the queen's garden parties during the jubilee.

The pawnbroker is now laying in his summer stock of winter clothing.—(Omaha Bee.)

Dr. Dix, the rector of Trinity church, New York, receives a salary of \$30,000 a year. His assistants get \$5,000 each.

Martin Hughes, a twenty-two years old and helpless, was found lately in a cellar in Lawrence, Mass. His son had deserted him and the old man had been without food and water for eight days. His thumb and several fingers had been broken and gangrene had set in.

Philadelphia society has been indignant over the arrest of Mr. Hollingsworth Siter for fast riding in the park. Mr. Siter was out riding with one of the wealthiest heiresses in Philadelphia when a policeman stopped them and took both their names. Warrants were issued for the arrest of both, but before they could be served the young lady had sailed for Europe.

Labor in Pennsylvania.

Sharon, Pa., Correspondence Pittsburg Post.

Speaking to a man prominent in the Amalgamated association, he said: "I tell you, if foreign labor continues to come in upon us here as it has been doing for the past few months, we may expect to experience a depression in manufacturing circles which will not only smother the business interests of the town but also play havoc with the tolling masses. Why, look at it now. An American laborer can't live on less than \$1.50 a day and support a family, while a Bohemian, Hun, or an Italian would live on forty cents a day and support a large family beside. In nearly all our mills and furnaces it will be hard for you to find an American laborer. They have been gradually pushed aside, and a deadly man remains of American birth and affiliation. To be sure, the skilled labor is principally American yet, but will it always be so? This foreign element, too, is the one which is continually inaugurating strikes, and in cases out of every ten they are the ones who violence is resorted to to accomplish a desired end the ringleaders will be found to be of the lowest possible origin in the rubbish and garbage of Europe, as it were. They don't know when they have enough, and they tell when they have more than they need. Take a man

The Three Ts.

Dr. Huntington of Grace church tells work-
men that what is needed for the abolition of poverty
is the toll, thrift and temperance.—(Pro-pov-
erity.)

Three little T's stood all in a row,
And Jay Gould picked up the first one;
He tucked it in his brain to make others go
And dig what he afterwards won.

Three little T's tickled tall Cyrus Field,
And clergymen kneeled 'neath roof which he
ceiled
And whitewashed so morally bright.

Three little T's pleased miserly Pain e,
Who plain Miss Temperance wed;
And long on the scraps which hunger did
find.

Three thousands of men are passing Grace
church,
All hungry, afevered and tired,
Three three their life, yet still in the search
of comfort they long have desired;

Three, marching along, are singing the song
of burdened and sad little Ts;
Give us a chance, and mend cruel wrong,
That we may with others have ease!

IRA HOWARD.

LAVENDER'S YARN.

Late in the sixties the reading room of
McNell's hotel was the nightly
meeting place for a congenial col-
lection of characters as ever played checkers
on the tables. Most of them were known
to each other only by some soubriquet
suggested by their occupation or the place
they hailed from. Lavender was the pet
of the crowd. He could not play checkers,
but he could spin yarns, play the violin,
write poetry and debate. He was a stocky
man, with long straight hair, a round and
ruddy chin, and gray eyes with a far
away look, who wore a stovepipe hat a
size too small, a swallow tail coat of
brown and salt color, and on his extremely
small feet a pair of ladies' gaiters. Laven-
der lived literally from hand to mouth,
making the work of the day pay the day's
expenses, and often at night turning off a
line or two on his fiddle in the reading
room and passing his hat around for
enough to buy a ticket to the theater.

One sweltering night in the middle of the
week of June, 1868, the habitués of the
reading room, with coats off and heels
on window sills, waving palm leaf fans
and crumpled newspapers, were trying their
best to keep cool, when Lavender, with
his deep bass voice, attracted their atten-
tion.

"Chicago," he said, running his fingers
through his hair and wiping his forehead
with an ancient silk handkerchief of mon-
strous size. "If we could take that south
side trip that I once took, we wouldn't
complain so of this hot weather."

"What trip was that?" asked Jersey.
"It don't make any difference what trip
it was," said Lavender, "nor how I got
there, but I did get there for a solemn fact,
and I had a wonderful experience."

"Shipwrecked?" Jersey remarked inter-
rogatively.

"Yes, shipwrecked; but you don't want
to hear about the shipwreck—shipwrecks
are commonplace; and so far as the wreck
concerned, it is enough for you to know
that I was the only survivor. I got on an
iceberg which was floating southward, and
one morning I found my berg frozen fast
in a great field of ice—one vast ice prairie.
Well, I got off the berg and walked south."

"I trust," interrupted Ribbons, "that
you intend to confine yourself to the truth.
The weather is too oppressive for a Gulli-
ver, you know."

Lavender looked at Ribbons with a hurt
expression. He rather prided himself on
his veracity and this insinuation wounded
him. But Chicago rebuked the matter of
fact Ribbons and Lavender proceeded:

"After walking a long time I crossed
the eightieth parallel of south latitude."
"How in thunder did you know it was
the eightieth parallel?" Jersey asked, lean-
ing forward.

"I saw the line on the ice," Lavender
explained, looking severely at his ques-
tioner. "Consult your map and you'll see
it just as I did."

Jersey fell back in his chair and plied his
questions vigorously.

"Well," continued Lavender, "I walked
until I got tired. I thought I would keep
on until sundown, but sundown didn't
come; and finally I threw myself upon the
ice and went to sleep. When I awoke I
was frozen fast and there was a great
army of little devils about the size of
Ribbons' index finger prancing all around
me. I couldn't turn my head one way nor
the other, for it was fastened in the ice,
but after awhile I made out that the little
devils were carrying water and throwing it
over me, so as to fasten me tighter, and
that was what they had been doing while I
was asleep."

"I showed them to stop, but bless
my heart they couldn't understand a
word I said. My shouting must have
made an awful din though, for I saw
hundreds of my tormentors putting their
ears into their ears."

"You must have felt cold?" ventured
Jersey.

"Cold! I should say so. I was frozen
solid. As Lavender said this Ribbons, who
was rather cold-blooded anyhow, shivered
badly."

"Well," continued Lavender, "I made
up my mind that unless I wanted to be
frozen in the ice I must make a desperate
dash to free myself. So I brought all my
strength to bear, and to my great relief, I
saw the ice bonds crackle about me. In
moment I was on my feet. My first im-
pulse was to trample upon the host of pig-
mies that swarmed in every direction, but
my nature and curiosity got the better of
my anger, and I picked up a pair of them
for examination. They were terribly
frightened, and lay right down in the palm
of my hand. Occasionally they would
look over the edge, and I am sure they
wanted to jump, but the distance to the
ground was too great for the risk."

"I noticed a freezing sensation as I held
the little fellows, and on inspection dis-
covered that their clothing was nothing but
a still closer examination showed me
that the muscles of their arms and legs
were wonderfully developed, and while
their faces exhibited traces of beauty, the
mouth was coarse and the expression stupid."

While I was examining these two speci-
mens, the crowd had moved away from me,
so that I stood in the center of a
cleared circle about fifty feet in circumfer-
ence, and all around, as far as the eye
could reach was a solid mass of pigmies.
The sun, glinting on their icy garments,
made them appear like a host of illipitani
soldiers in armor of polished steel. When
I had lowered the little chaps to the ground
as fast as they could run, and such a com-
motion you never saw.

"Well, to make a long story short, I con-
cluded to study this new order of beings.
It was impossible to talk with them, but
by degrees they came to understand that
I wouldn't hurt them if they treated me
right, and in time they settled down to
regular routine and left me alone. They
proved to be a most remarkable race, and
as soon as I got a publisher I shall write
up their origin, manners, habits and cus-
toms, social, religious and political, in full
detail."

"Put me down for a copy, and go ahead
with the detail," said Chicago.

"But stick to the truth, Lavender," said
Ribbons.

By this time Lavender's little audience
of three had been augmented by every
habitué of the place, and even some of the
transients had meekly drawn their chairs
near to the outer edge of the crowd, and
while pretending to read listened intently.
Lavender was in his element. Except
when playing the violin, he was never
known to wear such an expression of utter
obliviousness to his surroundings, or to
draw the bow with such reckless grace.

"It seems," he continued, "that this race
of dwarfs was a special creation. In tra-
dition they traced their origin to common
parents who flourished in a paradise of a
place, supposed by some pigmy antiquar-
ians to have been located in Symmes' hole.
But within historic times they had known
no other habitation than the ice fields of the
south pole. Tradition also pointed to a
time when these people lived, as near as I
can conjecture, very much as we do now;
but it is only a conjecture, for even the
wisest of them had but the vaguest kind of
an idea of how their traditional ancestors
of Symmes' hole did live. It was certain,
however, that whatever may have been the
habits of their happier ancestors, their
own ways were of the simplest kind, and
were satisfied with water alone. By a pro-
cess of natural selection and survival of
the fittest they had adapted themselves to
their surroundings."

"Water furnished their food, their drink,
and their clothing. Of water they built
their houses, and of water their furniture
was made. I have often seen a pigmy go
to a water barrel as you would go to a
tailor. He would jump into the water,
and then stand in the air until it froze.
After repeating this operation often enough
to get several layers of ice over his person
he would walk away as proud as a dandy
with a new suit."

"What was the barrel made of?" asked
Jersey.

"Ice," said Lavender.

"Why didn't it melt?"

"The weather was too cold."

"Then, why didn't the water freeze?"

"Oh, dry up, Jersey," said Chicago. "If
you can't keep still, get out. Go on,
Lavender."

After a scornful glance at Jersey, Laven-
der proceeded.

"They used water in liquid form for
drink and made into ice cakes for food,
and their houses were built of blocks of ice
specially frozen and laid."

"Must have had plenty to eat there,"
said the retired clergyman, "with all that
ice everywhere."

"No," Lavender explained, "they
couldn't eat the ice of the ice fields. I
guess there wasn't any nourishment in
that. But there were any quantity of
springs about and it was of the water
from these springs that they prepared
their food. And maybe you think there
wasn't any difference in their food—that
all food tasted alike. But it wasn't so.
Their sense of taste was in the eye instead
of the palate. Ice cakes in common form
were common food; the delicate and
toothsome food was prepared by giving
ornamental forms to the ice cakes."

"Of course, there were rich and poor
there. You'll find that everywhere. The
rich had ice cakes of all sizes and forms,
and their clothing was ornamented with
crystals in the most magnificent way. But
the poor lived on plain cakes, and
many of them were glad enough to get
them; still, what food they had, plain as it
was, was wholesome, and as I often heard
the richer classes say, was seasoned with
good appetite. And as for the clothing of
the poor, plenty of them were never able
to wear more than one layer of ice at a
time. You see the rich owned thousands
of hogheads of water, a few of them had
millions, and they, of course, could afford
to indulge in any extravagance in the way
of ice layers ornamented with crystals;
and as for food, why it is an absolute fact
that some of those rich pigmies would
scatter the most beautiful ice cakes all over
the floor at a feast, while there were thou-
sands of poor pigmies who couldn't even
get plain ice cakes, and were on the verge
of starvation."

"Oh, come, come, Lavender," said Rib-
bons, "if you can't tell the truth, be
reasonable, anyhow. How could anyone
starve when he only needed ice, and there
were thousands of square miles of ice all
about him?"

"I told you that that ice wasn't any good
for food," said Lavender with a little im-
patience.

"Well, you said there were any quantity
of springs."

"Yes; but the springs didn't belong to all
the pigmies. They belonged to the re-
spectable classes. I'll tell you about that.
You see these people had an idol called
Mahmoan. It was Mahmoan that made
these springs and gave them to the respect-
able pigmies, and they worshiped him
with great fervor. That I could under-
stand; but I never could understand why
the miserable little devils that Mahmoan
didn't give any springs to should also wor-
ship him; but they did. I suppose they
thought Mahmoan might occasionally get
mad at one of his respectable worshippers
and take his spring away, and then one of
the others would have a chance. And
Mahmoan did this sometimes; but he al-
most always gave the forfeited springs to

a fellow that already had more springs
than any one else.

"So you see a pigmy that hadn't a spring
was compelled to get a living by working
for one that had. The work he did was to
carry water from the springs and pour it
into the hogheads of his employer. In
that way the spring owners got all the
water they wanted without carrying any
at all, and some of them, as I have told
you, were accounted mighty rich men in
hogheads of water."

"Was that all the work the pigmies did?"
asked Chicago.

"Oh, no; some of them froze hogheads,
some made ice cakes, some built houses,
some waited on the rich ones, and so on;
but they all got their pay in water from
the hogheads they had filled, or in ice
cakes made from that water. And some
of these fellows were very shrewd business
operators. Why, one little chap that I
took a fancy to—his name was Bahboan—he
was as poor as Lazarus when I went
there, but he saw a good speculation in
me, and when I came away he owned a
hundred million hogheads of water, be-
sides more springs than the most respect-
able pigmy at the pole, all acquired through
his own energy and skill. He was a bril-
liant fellow was Bahboan, but I'll tell you
about him after awhile."

"After the little fellows got so they were
not afraid of me, I used to go around
among them and observe their ways. There
was quite a large city near where I had
fallen asleep; but I couldn't go into it very
well, for the streets were not much wider
than my body, and if I had lost my balance
I would have tumbled upon the houses.
Besides, you know, I might step upon
some of the people. I could stand on the
outsides, however, and get a pretty good
idea of how things went on in the city.
Some of the houses were plain ice block
buildings, hardly reaching above my
ankle; but others were mighty fine affairs;
as high as to my hips, decorated with fan-
ciful designs in frosting, and altogether
very palatial like in appearance. Beyond
the city, where the springs were situated,
there were little villages inhabited by the
dippers, as they called them, who spent
their lives dipping water from the springs
into little tubs about the size of a woman's
thimble, which the carriers took up to the
city and poured into the hogheads that
were stored in warehouses there. This
was the great industry, dipping and carry-
ing water, and the whole population, ex-
cept those who owned the springs, and
consequently were very rich, were to a
greater or less extent engaged in it."

"Wasn't there any beggars or crim-
inals?" asked Chicago.

"Yes, some fellows who were broken
down carrying water and couldn't earn a
living any more would beg for an ice cake
now and then, but it wasn't encouraged
generally, though some of the rich pigmies
were very charitable. Why, there was
one fellow that owned half a dozen springs
and had warehouse after warehouse in the
city just loaded down with hogheads of
water, whose amusement it was to take
care of beggars. He had a big establish-
ment in the city where any beggar could
get all the ice he wanted to eat three times
a day for nothing; of course it was just
plain ice, for it was thought bad policy to
supply these wretches with ornamental
cakes. If a beggar could get luxuries for
nothing, he wouldn't work. I suppose it
cost that philanthropic old chap at least
half the water that was carried to his
warehouses every day just to feed beggars.
But he was an exception, and thought to
be a little daft on the subject of charity."

"I think he was a very Christian pigmy,"
observed the retired clergyman. "If
Mahmoan gave him all those springs it
was in trust, and he did his duty in feeding
Mahmoan's poor."

"That's what some of the pigmies said,
only they didn't call it Christian. You
know they were heathen, and didn't know
anything about Christianity. But the ma-
jority of the pigmies were more disposed to
approve another fellow named Sawhboan.
The philanthropist was called Chaughboan.
Chaughboan, they said, encourages idleness,
and maintains a class of pigmies who
might better perish. But Sawhboan gives
work, which is true philanthropy. You
see, Sawhboan owned several springs, too,
and also had warehouses, and he just de-
lighted in giving work to pigmies. There
wasn't any excuse for idleness there, for
any one that asked Sawhboan for work
got it. I have known him, in hard times
when pigmies were out of work and starv-
ing, to put a thousand to work dipping
water out of his springs and carrying it to
his warehouses when they were already
overflowing with water. Of course he
couldn't pay much under such circum-
stances, but he always gave his men
enough plain ice to eat. He was a very
public-spirited citizen, and in recognition
of his wise philanthropy was at one time
made the great Boon of the city."

"But I don't understand," Jersey inter-
rupted.

"I suppose not," said Lavender. "What's
the matter?"

"Why, you said that all these pigmies
needed was spring water?"

"Yes," said Lavender.

"And that there were plenty of springs?"

"There were springs all around."

"Then how could any of the pigmies be
hard up? Why didn't they go to the springs
and get what they wanted to eat; and if
they were in need of clothes, why didn't
they jump in and freeze a suit for them-
selves?"

"Jersey, what's the matter with you?"
said Chicago. "Hasn't Lavender already
told us that Mahmoan gave the springs to
the respectable people? I suppose their
ancestors discovered these springs, and
that's the reason Mahmoan gave them to
them."

"There was a tradition of that kind,"
assented Lavender.

"But why didn't the starving pigmies
help themselves from the springs anyhow?"
asked a transient.

"Because they were a law abiding peo-
ple," said Lavender, severely.

"And religious," remarked the retired
clergyman reverentially, with an elevation
of his eyebrows.

"And religious," Lavender repeated. "Be-
sides, it wasn't altogether safe. I knew of
an instance of a pigmy void of all religious
sense and respect for law who helped him-
self to a suit of clothes from one of
Sawhboan's springs, and the dippers who

caught him in the act and were honest
pigmies plunged him head and heels into
the spring, saying they would give him a
suit of clothes all over."

"Well, I saw what hard work these little
fellows had to do and it occurred to me
that I might help them out. So I pro-
posed to Bahboan, who was then a poor,
hard working carrier, to dip and carry all
the water he wanted if he would get me a
big hoghead."

"But," said Bahboan, "how can I get a
hoghead big enough for you? I don't
own even the tub I carry, and I couldn't
save enough to buy one, work and scrimp
as hard as I might."

"An idea had got into Bahboan's head,
however, and he worked it out. One day
he came to me and asked if I would be
willing to carry as many of the thimble
size tubs as I could be loaded up with. Of
course I agreed, and soon after he had me
at one of Sawhboan's springs, where I
was furnished with a score of thimblefuls
of water. They weren't heavy, and I had
only to be careful not to spill the water.
As the city was only about a mile away I
soon carried up my little load and emptied
it into hogheads in Sawhboan's ware-
house. Then I made another trip, and
another, and another, and another. I tell
you it was a great day. I passed thousands
of the little carriers on the road who were
laboriously making their one trip and who
looked up in wonder at my double handful
of water tubs. Sawhboan was well
pleased and little Bahboan was in ec-
stasies."

"I afterward learned that Bahboan,
after making calculations, had contracted
with Sawhboan to carry eighty tubs of
water a day, the work of eighty pigmies,
for the same number of plain ice cakes
that were given to fifty pigmies. Sawhboan
hadn't much confidence that Bahboan could
do what he promised, but to save the ice cakes
of thirty pigmies on one day's business was
a temptation that he, as a thorough going
business man, couldn't resist. You understand
that, Ribbons."

"Of course," said Ribbons.

"Now," continued Lavender, "the genius
of little Bahboan didn't end here. He
made the ice cakes of fifty men in one day
with no other work than supervision,
whereas with the hardest kind of work be-
fore he only got about enough to keep
him alive. He was a rich man. Why, I
suppose his earnings that day were equal
to twenty-five tubs of water. With this
little capital and what he made out of my
carrying from day to day, he hired out
pigmies and built a warehouse of his own,
into which he poured his—well, we should
call it profits. Then the scope of his
genius really began to manifest itself. He
saw that my carrying capacity was limited
by the littleness of the tubs. So he got
together some of the brightest pigmies,
of a mechanical turn, and using the water
that he had stored in his warehouse, both
to pay them with and as material, he man-
aged to freeze two tubs that were enor-
mous in their eyes, but in fact were about
the size of a small pail. Each had a han-
dle, and under Bahboan's direction I used
to take these pails, dip them into a spring
and carry them full up to the city."

"Did you wear gloves?" asked Jersey.

Lavender merely glanced at his ques-
tioner, though Jersey's muttered remark
to a stranger by his side that "those han-
dles must have been pretty cold, to say
nothing of being brittle," did not wholly
escape him.

"Well, you may believe," Lavender con-
tinued, "that Bahboan got rich right along.
He built warehouse after warehouse, and
soon had more water in store than any
other man in the city. He didn't work on
contract for Sawhboan any more, but leased
a spring whenever he got a chance, and
used me to carry water for him. I suppose
he was really richer than Sawhboan, for
though Sawhboan's springs afforded an
illimitable supply of water, yet that water
was in the springs and had to be dipped
and carried, while Bahboan's water was in
store ready for use."

"After awhile, one of the respectables, a
shiftless and extravagant fellow, mort-
gaged his spring to Bahboan for a ware-
house of water, with which to pay some
gambling debts. Mortgaging was a new
thing among the pigmies. It was a point
I had given to Bahboan. But as soon as
it was done once there were a number of
respectables who besought Bahboan to
take mortgages from them, too. Bahboan
was willing, and it wasn't long until he
had a mortgage on nearly every spring but
Chaughboan's and Sawhboan's. Then
came his great opportunity."

"I had created a revolution in the place.
Most of the carrying that was done I did.
The poor little devils who used to dip and
carry had quit and go at something else.
They couldn't compete with me. Some of
them got jobs in warehouses up in the
city, and some went into menial
service with the rich. They couldn't work
for themselves, for they had no springs.
I don't know what might have happened if
the rich hadn't prospered. Of course their
wants increased with their wealth, and
thus they gave work to the little fellows
that I had thrown out of employment.
But even then a good many couldn't get
work, and tramped around, begging and
stealing, to the great indignation and fear
of respectable people. These tramps in-
creased in numbers, and were continually
trying to get the jobs of those who were at
work, so that you could hire a pigmy for
almost nothing. Even Sawhboan, good-
hearted though he was, found it necessary
to reduce wages. 'How,' he said, 'how
can I pay the old wages to my men when
there are so many poor fellows out of work
who are willing to work for less. Work is
getting scarce, and it is only fair to divide
what is left of it among the workers. It
is not right to encourage the selfishness of
these chaps who are getting good pay while
their fellows are idle.'

"You can see that things had come to a
pretty hard pass with the pigmy workers.
Nor was it so with men of brains, like
Bahboan. He was carrying all the water
that was dipped. That is, he didn't carry
it himself, but bossed the job; I did the
work. He paid a royalty to some spring
owners and charged a contract price to
others. And there was wealth in abun-
dant measure. The warehouses fairly leaked
with the pressure in them. That was the
real cause of the suffering among the workers."

There was too much water—an over pro-
duction, I think they call it. In these cir-
cumstances the rich became very extrava-
gant. Their style of living was raised to a
high point. Ice cakes whose beauties were
beyond description were on their tables in
profusion; splendid ice robes adorned their
persons; their dwellings were massive and
magnificent, and they employed great
retinues of personal attendants.

"One day Bahboan came to me and said:
'Lavender, what do you say to taking a
rest?'

"I knew what the little devil was after,
but I told him it would suit me; so I laid
off and watched developments. Well,
boys, you never saw such a time. The
great amount of water the rich had ware-
housed lasted for only a little time, and
then they were in a fix. It seemed like
there would be a terrible famine. All the
best citizens begged Bahboan to set me at
work again, but as his warehouses were
well filled and water was on the rise at the
stock exchange every day, he couldn't see
that his own interests demanded any such
course. They appealed to me, but I re-
ferred them to Bahboan. Meantime the
price of water was at a ruinous rate, and
there was a great demand for dippers and
carriers. Once more the army of little
fellows that I had displaced was at work
again for better wages than before, but
bless your soul they couldn't keep up the
supply now, the wants of everybody had
increased so. And so it happened that
wages were higher than ever before; the
army of tramps disbanded and there was
great activity. But still the rich were in
want. It was hard times with them. Then
said Bahboan, communing with himself,
'I guess I'll foreclose!' And he did. The
spring owners on whom he had mortgages
begged for delay. 'See,' they said, 'how
much we have to pay for labor to get
water up from the springs; there is nothing
left for us out of which to pay you.' But
Bahboan was a business man and he fore-
closed. There was weeping and wailing
and gnashing of teeth, I tell you; but
that made no difference to Bahboan. He
got all the springs he had under mortgage
and held his claims against their former
owners for deficiencies. Mahmoan was
good to Bahboan."

"And now Bahboan set me at work
again. Well, you can easily see what hap-
pened then. I hadn't carried water a week
before all the symptoms of over production
reappeared. The dippers and carriers be-
gan to lose their jobs; tramping, begging
and stealing was renewed, wages fell, and
except Bahboan and the respectables, who
had kept their springs through the crisis,
and their retainers, everybody was in a
hand to hand fight with poverty every day."

"And now there was trouble ahead sure
enough. The pigmies had learned that
there was plenty of work at high wages
when I didn't work, and that as soon as I
began to work hard times set in, and from
this they argued that I must be driven out.
Of course such a policy didn't suit Bahboan,
who in spite of his brains would have been
as poor as anybody but for me. Nor did
it suit the other spring owners, for they
recognized the fact that royalties on their
springs were much higher when I worked
than when I did not. Nevertheless, there
was great agitation, and I felt uneasy.
Every night the pigmies gathered in thou-
sands, and all their speeches were leveled
at me and Bahboan. At one of these meet-
ings a priest of Mahmoan, who was be-
loved by the pigmies, appeared before
them. 'Why,' he said, 'do you find fault
with Bahboan for setting the Man at work?
(That's what they called me.) Why would
you drive out the Man? Behold! does he
not save you work? Can he not dip and
carry more water in a little while than all
of you in a life time? Is it not good to
have him with us?'

"No," they shouted, 'no! no! he takes
work from us.'

"But it is not work you want," said the
priest, it is water."

"Yes," they shouted again, 'but we
can't get water without work.'

"True, but if you are allowed to go
freely to the springs, you can get all the
water you want. It is not the Man that
keeps you from getting the water you
need, but the spring owners."

"Hold there," interrupted Bahboan,
who had been well pleased thus far, 'hold
there! The springs are sacred. They
were given to their owners by Mahmoan.'

"Yes," said the priest, but their owners
are all the pigmies. Mahmoan made them
for all the people."

"At this there was great confusion.
Some cheered, and others hissed and cursed
at the words of the priest. When quiet
was restored, one of the pigmies asked the
priest:

"What, then, would you have us to
do?"

"Demand your right to the springs for
yourselves and your children and your
children's children."

"But what good would that do," again
asked the pigmy, "if Bahboan is allowed
to keep his great warehouses of water?"

"It makes no difference to you," the
priest replied, 'how many warehouses of
water Bahboan has if you can get to the
springs. All these houses will melt away,
all the stored up water will evaporate, but
the springs are everlasting. If a few own
the springs the rest must be their slaves;
but the ownership of stored up water can
harm no one so long as the springs are
free.'

"Well, gentlemen," said Lavender,
'that idea took me between wind and
water; but I hadn't time to think of it, for
it made the greatest turmoil you ever saw.
I heard the priest called a thief, and then I
heard cries of 'Down with the Man!' and
the next thing I knew I was on a dead run
with millions of pigmies after me. I ran
and ran and ran and still the little devils
pursued me until I came to an immense
hole in the ground, into which I tumbled
headlong. I felt myself falling, falling,
and, as I fell, consciousness left me. When
I awoke I found myself in a hut in
Siberia.'

"In Siberia," exclaimed Jersey.

"Yes, in Siberia."

"How in the name of the father of lies,
did you get to Siberia?"

"Well, I never knew positively, but I
suppose that it was Symmes' hole into
which I tumbled, and that I went all the
way through to the north pole."

"And now I guess I'll go to the theater,"
said Lavender, as he passed around his hat.

LEWIS FREELAND.

STRAWs

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

This letter from a correspondent in Virginia is worth reading for its suggestiveness:

NORFOLK, Va.—I have been reading THE STANDARD very attentively ever since it was first published. At first I did not understand the idea of taxing land values as I do now. The more I study the question the clearer it appears to me that you are right. No injustice would be done to those who own the land, only they would have to use it or let some one else use it. The only way to bring about this great reform is education and the ballot. A party must be organized and managed for the good of society, to prevent a dreadful revolution. The masses are today being ruled and crushed down by corporate laws and class legislation. The present industrial system tends to enslave the workingmen in a worse bondage than the Jews in Egypt or the negro slaves of America. I think a third party is one of the prime necessities of the times.

Please send me some tracts, etc., for distribution.

W. H. GUNN.

Just so, friend Gunn. And now you, and other readers of this paper as well, must learn to apply the lesson of your experience. You see the truth clearly—so clearly that you are able to state it in language as terse and concise as could be desired. You see that the reform we are advocating would do injustice to no one, while it would strike the death blow from the hands of the millions who can work and want to work and are not allowed to work. You see that a third party, advocating the placing of all taxes upon land values, is a prime necessity of the situation; and your faith is sufficiently ardent to make you anxious to do all in your power to hasten the coming of the day of emancipation. Now just consider what it was that converted you; simply the reading of THE STANDARD. You didn't understand the matter very clearly at first—you couldn't altogether see the justice of our ideas; but as THE STANDARD came to you week after week, reinforcing argument with argument, piling illustration upon illustration, answering objections, clearing up difficulties, gradually your mental vision became clearer and clearer, until at last the truth dawned upon you in all its majestic simplicity, and you knew, with absolute certainty, that the abolition of poverty is no idle day dream, but a thing certain to be accomplished by the operation of natural economic laws, when once the artificial restrictions which society imposes on production and distribution shall have been removed.

Do you see the lesson? If THE STANDARD has been the means of converting you, isn't it far the best instrument you can use for converting others? Tracts are good—we know their value and want to see them as widely distributed as possible—but the chief use of tracts is not so much to convince people as to set them thinking. Scatter your tracts around, distribute them just as widely as you can, but follow them up in every case by an earnest appeal for a subscription to THE STANDARD. When once a man agrees to take this paper, if only for three months, you've got him sure. He can't help reading it when it comes to him; and the man doesn't live in these United States who can read THE STANDARD for three consecutive months and not see the truth.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 18.—My six months' subscription to THE STANDARD expires in two weeks yet, but I don't want to run any chance of missing a number, and so I send my renewal at once. At the same time I enclose three other subscriptions, two of them from intimate friends and the other from one of our friends. These fellows have been borrowing my STANDARDS for some time, past, and not always returning them; so I told them that sort of thing was played out, and they must either subscribe for themselves or go without. They subscribed and here's the money. Good speed the new crusade.

J. W. E.

Yes, THE STANDARD will be six months old next week, and a good many thousand half yearly subscriptions will be running out. What are you all going to do about it? Renew your subscriptions, of course—that goes without saying. We don't believe that anyone who has read THE STANDARD for the past six months will be willing to do without it hereafter. But what more? How many new subscribers are you going to send us at the same time? Is there a single one among you who hasn't at least one friend to whom he has been talking of the new crusade, and who requires but a single earnest word of persuasion to induce him to subscribe? Not likely. The majority of you can command three or four subscribers if you'll take a little trouble to secure them. You owe it to the cause to do it. You owe it to the children who are to come after you. You owe it to your country. Set apart the next ten days for active service in the new crusade, and let every valiant soldier as he renews his own enlistment bring a goodly body of recruits with him. File in your renewals, friends, and let us judge how earnest you are in the faith by the new subscribers you bring to us.

CORNSVILLE, Ind.—Inclosed find thirty cents, for which please send me an assortment of the land and labor tracts, as I want to distribute them and see if I cannot form a club here. I am sorry that I cannot send for more, but I am simply a poor workman, and, like all others, have but very little leisure. Since reading your works a new light has broken in upon me, a little break in the clouds which every week as I read THE STANDARD becomes enlarged, until I hope ere long they will be entirely dispersed. I could never affiliate myself to any church, because their preaching and practice are so at variance; but your works have shown them the true, practical Christianity. God bless Bro. Reichel, and I hope that the workmen here will take up the question, but it is so hard to make them think; they seem to care for nothing, only drinking along from day to day, except during the excitement of a political campaign. Please send me the terms for an agency, and I will try and get some subscribers.

WILLIAM H.

Friend H.—it's only natural that you should complain and wonder that the workmen around you seem to care for nothing but drinking along from day to day. It is disheartening when you are preaching so glorious and so practical a gospel as that of the new crusade to find men indisposed to listen and full of petty sordid cares and anxieties, but there's nothing strange or unnatural about it. You were probably that way yourself once until somebody hammered at you in season and out of season and finally persuaded you to think a little. Don't be discouraged Mr. H.—Hammer away at your friends until you get them to subscribe to THE STANDARD and then there'll be a little break in the clouds for them each week as well as for you.

Miss Frances M. Milne, to whom the readers of THE STANDARD owe a debt of gratitude for some very charming verses, writes from San Luis Obispo, Cal.:

It is with very great pleasure that I inclose my mother's and my own application for membership in the Anti-poverty society. We would have sent our initiation fees at once on first reading of the society, but were unavoidably hindered until now. Though we cannot hope to be able to contribute much in money, we are gladly to do what is possible, and to work with you in the new crusade more than pleasure. We are with the new crusade heart and soul, counting it one of life's greatest privileges and trust honors to be permitted to contribute, be it ever so little, toward its success.

I also inclose a six month's subscription to THE STANDARD from one of our leading merchants here, who is a thorough convert to justice.

We have read with gratitude and delight

your own and Dr. McGlynn's noble speeches at the Anti-poverty meetings and know not how to fully express our thanks for the comfort and exaltation of mind such utterances give us.

A lawyer writes from Philadelphia:

Inclosed are stamps for two extra copies of THE STANDARD received by me last week, and also a list of names of persons whom I would be glad to have supplied with the Anti-poverty tracts. I was stirred to the very bottom of my soul by the marvelous apostrophes and the fearless enunciations of truths in Mr. Pentecost's address. I read it on three or four occasions for my friends, and expect to read it again this evening to a circle of friends who are too rigidly conservative to be induced to buy your paper and read it for themselves. I wish I could have been present to hear the orator himself with all the impassioned fervor that must have filled his words. I hope our Anti-poverty society may be able to secure him to speak for us here. He would draw a class who think they know all they want to know about Mr. George and Dr. McGlynn. How my heart swells with pride and joy when I think of our leaders! With such men in our ranks we cannot fail to accomplish our glorious mission. Godspeed our victory!

OWEGO, June 18.—On the evening of the 10th inst. I listened to Father McGlynn. I think he is immense—a great leader of a crusade. Inclosed find the dollar of a Catholic Irishman who is willing to enlist and not desert. I intend, if possible, to get subscribers to THE STANDARD. Send me your terms.

Isn't this a gem! It comes with a silver dollar inclosed as membership fee in the Anti-poverty society. "In God we trust," and in the glorious light of the cross of the new crusade we can see clearly why we trust Him, and how we trust Him. In that light we see the benignant face of a loving Father, and not the stern, repellent countenance of a heartless Judge. A Father who never, never, meant to mock his creatures with a phantom of future bliss while condemning them to a stern reality of present misery—A Father who has spread a bountiful all-sufficing table for us in this wilderness of space, and bids us stop our foolish quarreling and stealing, and sit down to the feast like sensible human beings worthy of His image stamped upon us. When, since Christ died, has there been a cause like ours? It makes men and women shout for joy, and break forth into singing, and pant with eagerness to be up and doing.

Dear Sir: The coin I here inclose

To me a pleasing finish shows;

Used as a pledge of faith to those

Who trust in His faith unshaken.

"In God we trust," the words revive

Their potency, and seem alive;

And this bird, Phoenix-like, to strive

Upward, in morning light.

Back from the outstretched hand of greed,

Back from my ordinary need,

I hold this much, this day, to feed

Our new-born babe of hope.

Grow great, grow strong; child of our years

Of bondage, we forget our tears

In smiles on thee, forget our fears

Wherein we groan and grope.

To, Prophet! here we camp with thee.

At Pi-hahairoth! by the Sea.

Unarmed, save in this sign, are we,

And Pharaoh's host draws nigh.

Behold the Cloud! The east wind blows,

To right and left the Red sea flows;

Then follow, friends, or linger foes!

The land beyond is high,

The land beyond is dry,

The land of by and by.

June 16, 1887. J. HARRISON MITCHELL.

UP-HAIROTH was the last camp of the Israelites before crossing the Red sea.

Why don't you join this Anti-poverty society?

It has considerably over a thousand

members already, and it ought to be a million

strong at least. The executive committee are

arranging the members into groups, according

to their places of residence, and will soon

send to every member a list of the names and

addresses of those who live near him. This

will enable members to become acquainted

with each other, to hold local meetings and to

arrange for concerted work in every neighborhood. So you see membership in the

society is to mean something more than

merely sending a dollar to an address in New

York and then remaining idle. The Anti-

poverty society will be a means of forming

the soldiers of the new crusade into companies

and battalions, so that each man may know

his neighbor and all work together for

the victory. Lose no time then, but let us

have your name at once, that we may place

you in your proper group.

Mrs. M. L. Day of St. Joseph, Mo., is a

devout member of the new church and a Sunday

school teacher. She writes:

I feel so good that I can scarcely find

language to express myself, to see the name of

one of our new church ministers coming up

so bravely to the help of the world against

the great wrongs. God bless Bro. Reichel!

And I see the new church papers are helping

me. I am a pronounced new crusader and I

could not feel satisfied with the teachers of

my church if they held their peace and did not

come up to help the weak against the oppres-

sion of the strong. My husband is working

for your cause in season and out of season.

His name among this people has given him their

confidence, and the poverty of the people

hinders him in getting subscribers. If we

have a good season for work and the laborers

get a little more of their debts and abolition

needs we will then present this subject to

them with vigor. My excuse for writing is

that I wish you to feel acquainted with me, as

I intend to work for the Anti-poverty society

and help THE STANDARD as much as I can.

I have given away a great many papers, and

advised all of my friends to get them and

read them. I generally read your paper

through twice or more, as so many come

here to hear it read.

As these men and women of all creeds and

sects, Catholics, Protestants, New Church-

men, Jews, Freechurchers and agnostics, come

streaming into line and marshal themselves

under the banner of the new crusade with its

war cry of the way of the father,

hood of God and the brotherhood of man,

doesn't it recall that day of Pentecost when

the cloven tongues of fire appeared and every

man heard the gospel preached in his own

familiar mother tongue!

Here's a bit of criticism from the terri-

tories:

CHEYENNE, Wyo., June 11.—I did not sup-

pose when subscribing for THE STANDARD that

it would contain comic articles. But that idea

is dispelled since reading "The Professor's

Letter" in the last issue of THE STANDARD. I

have read "Peck's Bad Boy" without cracking

a smile, but the professor's "reasonings" were

too much for me. But look here, I think

some clever editor of your staff got that up.

Honestly, am I not right? Just such articles,

however, appear in the New York World,

which I take, and sometimes wonder whether

they are not the products of some boy editor

practicing, as it were. So far, I have

done little or nothing in the grand reform

saving taking the papers on a reform from the

first and talking about it to friends. But

I will soon show my hand. Like the old

guard I am ready for the final charge. Chey-

enne City, near which I am residing, is a place

of perhaps 10,000 inhabitants, and said to be

the richest city of its size in the world. You

may rest assured that I will make good use

of the tracts you have sent me. Next August I

will attend the Territorial Teachers' institute,

where I will wake up things. A. G. GRIFF.

It won't do to reveal the secrets of the

sacrament, friend Groh, so you must settle

yourself whether the lecture was written by a

sure enough professor or got up by a

"clever editor." It was meant to teach a

lesson, and, in your case at least, it succeeded

pretty well. There is another lesson you

wait for to learn, and that is that you must

wait for the final charge to do your fighting.

The battle is raging fiercely now, and it's just

as necessary to push the enemy in Cheyenne

as anywhere else. Buckle on your armor and

go in and let us see you come marching tri-

umphantly into camp with a crowd of pris-

oners in the shape of subscribers to THE

STANDARD.

The secretary of Typographical union No.

168 writes from Waco, Texas:

Inclosed you will find postoffice money

order for \$4.00, the advertised price of the

tracts included in the following list, which

you will please forward to my address. We

are to have a real old fashioned Fourth of

July celebration by the labor organizations of

this city and county, and a few friends have

joined with me to send for these tracts for

free distribution on the grounds on that occa-

sion.

Trade and labor organizations have a great

work to do in helping along the new crusade.

Many of them have come nobly to the front

already, but there are thousands who have

made no sign. We want them all, because

we have a right to them all. The only way

in which poverty can be abolished is by the

full and final emancipation of labor—the

restoration to every man of his right of ac-

cess to the raw material of nature, so that he

may freely choose whether he will use his brain

and muscle for himself or give the use of it

to another in return for proper wages—and it

is for this labor emancipation that we are work-

ing. You men in the ranks of organized labor

have brains and ballots; and brains and bal-

lots are what are going to win. Come into

line with us, and raise your voices to swell

the chorus joining in good Bishop Nulty's cry

of "Back to the land!"

Speaking of Bishop Nulty, THE STANDARD

has just published, in the land and labor li-

brary, the full and complete text of his letter

on the land question. Its price is five cents,

and it ought to be read and kept for reference

by every American citizen, and especially by

every Catholic. It is a statement by a Catho-

lic bishop—a loved and venerated prelate—of

the absolute harmony of the anti-poverty

doctrine with the teachings and doctrines of

the Roman Catholic church. Every reader of

THE STANDARD should see to it that every one

of his Catholic friends gets a copy of this let-

ter.

RED BANK, N. J., June 14.—We have had

a steam launch on the Suresbury river christ-

ened Henry George, in honor of the cause,

the owner, Ambrose Matthews, Jr., being one

of the little band of crusaders in this town

holding the ideas advocated by the Anti-

poverty society.

In this town the labor question has been de-

bated a great deal and with considerable suc-

cess, although we have as yet no organization.

It has been almost wholly caused by the labor

papers, among which is the glorious STANDARD.

The work is necessarily slow where the peo-

ple are in fairly good circumstances.

FRANK CLUSEY.

We welcome anything that will help make

the crusade fashionable and set people talking

about it; and therefore we are glad that Mr.

Matthews has done this thing. Hoist your

colors openly, good friends. It's the sure

way to gather in recruits. Wear your anti-

poverty badges—advertise your anti-poverty

meetings—write letters on the burning ques-

tion of the day to your local newspapers, and

be sure you sign your names to them. While